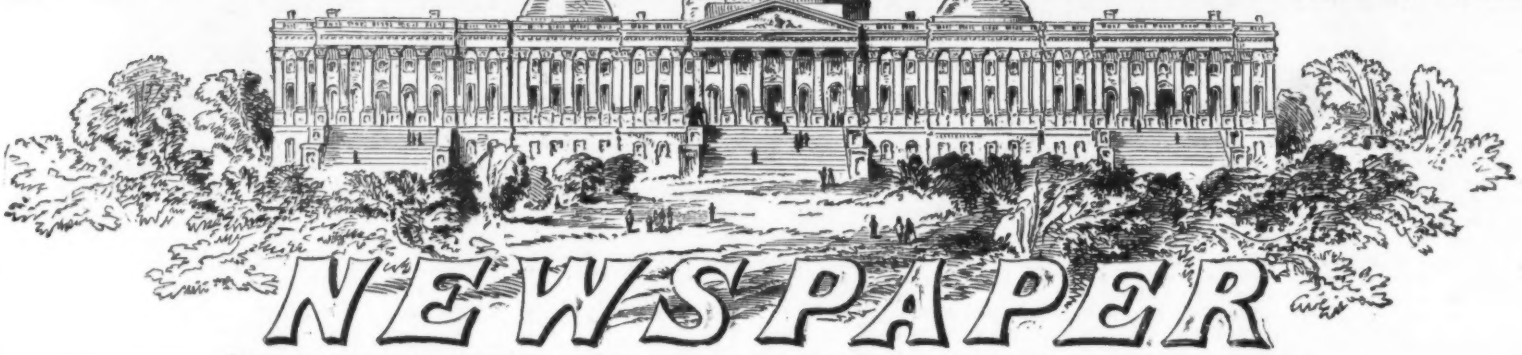


P. F. Hummings

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



## NEWSPAPER

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No. 235.—Vol. X 7

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1860.

[PRICE 6 CENTS.]

### BE CAREFUL HOW YOU CUT THIS PAPER.

**DIRECTIONS**—Pass the paper-knife between the two last pages and continue along the top. Then separate pages 9 and 12, and the splendid four page picture of the Reception of the Japanese Ambassadors by the President, will be found uninjured.

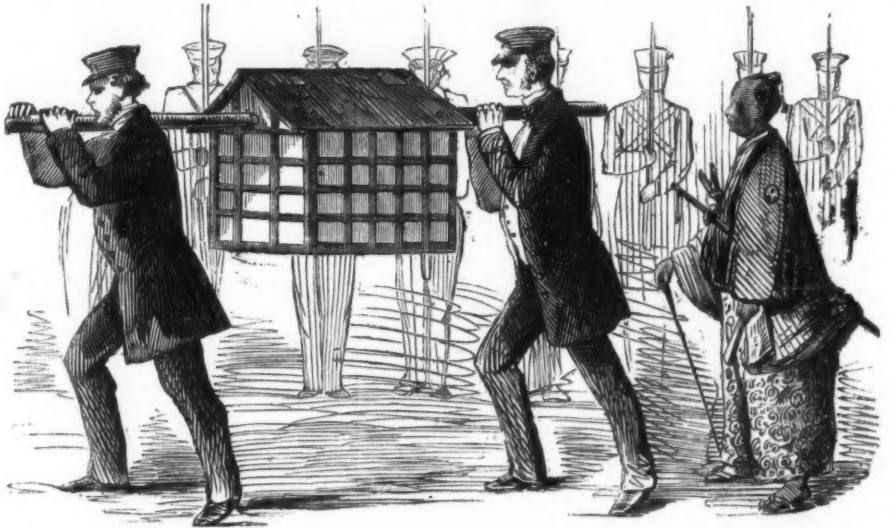
**FOR BINDING**—The picture, cut out as above, should be folded and pasted in the volume.

### JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE.

#### Their History, Social Institutions, Laws and Customs.

The early history of the Japanese is as yet shrouded in mystery. Philology and ethnography declare that they have, notwithstanding a superficial resemblance, no radical points of affinity with the Chinese. Kämpfer supposes them to have found their way in a primeval age from the plains of Central Asia to the valleys of Nippon, and it is evident that many old vocabularies of India and the Mongol world contain words in common with their language. There is a distinction of complexion and of general physical appearance between their aristocracy and the multitude which has been conjectured to arise from a primary difference of descent. Ladies of rank among them have generally a fine clear complexion. It may be true that this is caused by being protected from exposure, while those who hold to the contrary believe the darker Japanese to have come originally from Japan.

Like all Orientals, the Japanese claim a vast antiquity for their race and social forms, but the authentic account of them begins about 660 B. C., or 2,520 years ago. In that year appeared Zin-mu-ten-woo, or the "Divine Conqueror," who seized on Nippon and built a temple dedicated to the Sun Goddess. He founded the sovereignty of the Mikados, and the Mikado of the present day claims to have descended from him. At a very early period the imperial office appears to have become a sort of dogship,



THE NOURIMON, OR JAPANESE BOX CONTAINING THE TREATY, BORNE TO WILLARD'S HOTEL BY TWO POLICE-MEN, AND JEALOUSLY WATCHED BY ITS APPOINTED JAPANESE GUARD.—SEE PAGE 10.



INTERVIEW OF THE JAPANESE AMBASSADORS, ON WEDNESDAY, MAY, 16TH, WITH THE SECRETARY OF STATE, AT THE STATE DEPARTMENT, TO MAKE ARRANGEMENTS FOR THEIR RECEPTION BY THE PRESIDENT.—THE PRINCES AND THEIR SUITE UNDER THE CHARGE OF THE NAVAL COMMISSION, CONSISTING OF CAPTS. DUPONT, PORTER AND COMMANDER LEE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 10.



rendered miserable by an excess of court etiquette, ceremonies and forms. In no country has this social tyranny been carried to such incredible excess as in Japan. The monarch was made a sacred slave, too elevated to be allowed to hold communion with the world or to have a will of his own. To escape from this intolerable life the sovereign frequently abdicated in favor of his son, but governed virtually afterwards more freely as regent. It was evident that, as in the cases of the *mairas du palais* of later French history, such a system would result in two rulers, one real by blood but nominal in power, the other nominally a servant but really the king's master. The abdication of a Mikado in favor of a son three months old, the transfer of the regency to the infant sovereign's grandfather, and a civil war led by one Yori-tomo to release the abdicated father from imprisonment, resulted in giving the real power to one not of royal blood, or to Yori-tomo, who became the first Ziogoon or temporal sovereign. This state of affairs lasted until the middle of the sixteenth century, when a terrible civil war broke out, caused by rival claims for the Ziogoon-ship. This resulted in favor of Tayko Samo, a man of great ability. Under his rule and that of the later Ziogoons the Mikado was deprived of almost the semblance of power and reduced to a mere cipher.

Custom, etiquette or law are all powerful in Japan. They form a tyranny unknown in any other land. The tendency of the race has been to be ruled. During the course of ages the Ziogoons, who once subdued the emperor, have themselves become little by little subdued by the invisible, omnipresent but terrible tyranny of laws "which are unalterable, exceedingly minute in detail, controlling almost every action of life." As in Venice, or among the Jesuits, every one, the governors as well as governed, are slaves to the spirit of an organization. As in all such states, there is a limitless system of spying. There are spies on spies, mutual reporting and faithlessness without end. It is the quintessence of despotism most perfectly administered, for it reduces the whole community to slaves, and makes, as a final touch, the despot himself a slave to system.

The Mikado, or nominal sovereign, has recovered respect, however, in being regarded as a spiritual ruler. The seclusion and mystery in which he is kept have induced veneration among the people, and he is worshipped almost as a deity. Once in seven years the Ziogoon makes a visit to the Mikado, and frequently sends him gifts, which are returned with prayers and blessings.

The Japanese are divided into eight castes or hereditary classes, which are strictly, we may say cruelly, observed. These are: I. The hereditary princes of the empire, holding by feud; II. The hereditary nobility holding fiefs by military service; III. All the priests of every denomination; IV. The soldiery furnished by class two. These four classes are aristocratic, and have certain distinctive privileges of dress. Below them are VI. Merchants and shopkeepers, who rank very low and are much despised. The richest men in the Empire belong to this class, and yet they are not permitted to expend their money in a luxurious or ostentatious style of living. Sumptuary laws impose restraints which they dare not violate. VII. Small dealers, pedlars, mechanics and artisans of every kind except tanners. VIII. Sailors, fishermen, peasants and laborers of all kinds, the peasants being serfs and tanners. These latter, and all in any way busied with leather, are regarded as vile and polluted. No one will eat with them or touch them, they are not numbered in the census or allowed to enter a public-house. They supply the public executioners and turnkeys.

Under the Ziogoon is a grand councillor, who decides upon all affairs of moment, has the universal appointing power, may, on appeal, sanction or reverse every sentence of death passed, and in short, acts for the emperor in these and some other exercises of sovereignty. Below him is a Grand Council of State of Thirteen, taken five from the first and eight from the second class of nobility. This Council has the power of deposing the Ziogoon. Under these are the inferior officers of state in gradation.

Japan originally consisted of sixty-eight principalities. These are now split up into six hundred and four different administrations of different kinds. They are governed by the feudal princes, with a mere show of authority. The Ziogoon and Council, but especially the latter, wield all the power. All of these are held in check by spies. Officials are spies on each other, noblemen taken in low disguises to find out secrets; every family has its traitor; the result being the most perfect conservative government imaginable, sustained by mutual distrust and universal treachery. It illustrates in a wonderful manner the fact that, while a race may be really well off, so far as mere temporal comforts are concerned, in a conservative state of society, the latter, as contrasted to republicanism, can only be upheld by falsehood, espionage and cruelty.

Any offence against the law, and in fact many against mere etiquette, require death or its honorable substitute, suicide. So general is the latter, so imperative is it on certain occasions, that the law recognises *felo de se* as an honorable ceremony, and there are books in existence giving the rules and etiquette of self-murder. The official who has violated the law and been detected is sure of death, since execution is the punishment for nearly all crimes. But if he kill himself he saves his property from confiscation and his family from death with him. High officials often commit suicide on a point of honor when anything has gone wrong in their administration, and in such cases their sons are often promoted to high positions as a reward for the father's scrupulousness. Any one proposing a reform or a new law, which is not adopted, is expected to kill himself—in fact at every gateway of disappointment or scorn the Japanese officer of state sees awaiting him the solemn spectre of death.

This suicide is the well-known *hari-kari*, or ripping open the bowels. It is rendered more frequent by the system of responsibility attached to every officer. Even when in the department of a high officer there has been a violation of law, and frequently when he has had a mere difference of political opinion the *hari-kari* is resorted to.

The result of the prevalence of capital punishment and of incessant espionage has been to introduce any amount of treachery, falsehood and equivocation in a business way among the officials. As private men, the same persons are, according to Commodore Perry, frank, truthful and hospitable.

The original national religion of Japan is called *Sin-syn*, from *sin* the "gods," and *syn* "faith." The word has been modified into *Sintoo*. Its principal object of worship is *Ten-sio-da-sin*, the Sun Goddess, but it involves thousands of lesser deities called *Kami*, the majority of whom are deified men. There are two sects in this faith, *Yuitz* and *Rioboo* *Sinto*, of which the former is orthodox, the latter eclectic. The *Rioboo* *Sinto* has introduced a great admixture of Buddhism into their religion, and it is probable that the whole had one common origin. They believe in metempsychosis, idol worship, Lamaism and other Indian doctrines.

The learned men of Japan are supposed to belong to a sect called *Sintoo*, though in reality they are simply philosophers cultivating a code of ethics corresponding with the moral doctrines of Confucius, and mingled with a few elevated Buddhist speculations, though its adherents have great contempt for the gross Buddhist superstition of the multitude. It is believed that something of Christianity was known in Japan so early as 50 A. D., but whether this faith in the Trinity and Redemption by Faith in the Son of a Virgin who died to redeem mankind came by our revelation, or whether it was some form of the old Oriental Trinity and worship of the Queen of Heaven and her Child is not known. (To be continued.)

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#### Foreign News.

By the Adriatic we have news to the 9th. The Great Eastern was being fitted for sea with all despatch, and was advertised to sail from England on or about the 9th of June. Her destination was New York. The finances of Austria were in a frightful condition. The Count Montemolin and Don Ferdinand had renounced all claim to the Spanish throne. Garibaldi had left for Sicily with an expeditionary corps. Sayers had written a letter to the London Times thanking the British public for their liberality to him, praising Heenan for his activity and pluck, and lauding the American people generally. Louis Napoleon was assembling a large army at Chalons. It was to be placed under the command of the Duke of Magenta. There was a general presentiment of a war with some power, but which it was remains in doubt. The probabilities of an European Congress were increasing. The insurrection in Sicily was general; the large towns were, however, in the possession of the royal troops. It was rumored that another fight would take place between Heenan and Sayers.

#### The Chicago Convention.

The nomination of Abraham Lincoln by the Republican Convention of Chicago is another evidence of the remarkable fact, that the most prominent leaders of a party are invariably set aside at the very moment when they might naturally expect to receive the highest compliment it is in the power of the party to bestow. It would seem as though supereminent devotion to a section was considered as a disqualification when a general appeal to the country is inevitable. Mr. Seward now takes his place with other great party chiefs who have been put aside to make room for one less objectionable to that conservative element which instinctively recoils from all extremes, and we see in the nomination of Mr. Lincoln a proof of that returning moderation which sinks a particular question in the general good. Whatever may be Mr. Seward's ability, it is impossible to deny that he is so distasteful to a large portion of the Union as to give to his nomination an air of defiance, which would have made his election, had it been possible, the act of triumph of one party, wholly at variance with that spirit of conciliation and conservatism absolutely necessary to the welfare and harmony of the Republic.

#### Our Paper in England.

We cannot but feel much gratified at the remarkable success which has attended our endeavors to introduce Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper into England. The prominence which the English papers gave to our enterprise, in sending over to that country a special correspondent and artist, attracted a large share of public attention to our journal, and the publication of Frank Leslie's Extra in London so startled the people by its daring novelty, that our agents there are receiving daily orders which promise to build up a formidable subscription list in the old country.

The chief point of attraction, both to the people and the journals, is the wonderfully rapid production of current news incidents, which, in almost every case, appear the same week in Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.

This is a feature in which we have no rival, and it is this feature which makes our paper the only reliable Illustrated history of the time.

We have received numberless notices from the most prominent and respectable of the English papers. That admirably conducted and popular journal, the *Illustrated News of the World*, says of our enterprise:

"In England we do things in a quieter way than our cousins on the other side of the Atlantic, especially the more enterprising of the Americans. In the newspaper region they carry everything with a very high hand. We suppose that there are occasional failures there as well as here; but the dying murmur of any periodical has not yet been wafted by the winds and the waves to this side of the Atlantic. The noise of their grand successes, on the other hand, is heard at the end of the earth. While we have our prosperous illustrated papers here, for instance, none of them, under the best management, reach a permanent circulation of 162,000 a week, like that of Frank Leslie's paper. Failure or impossibility is not part of their creed. Their faith is of the strong-

est, and no doubt this is one of the sources of their decided successes. The occasion of the late fight was taken advantage of by Mr. Leslie, and an impression was published in London, which, of course, sold immensely. He has appointed a special representative, Dr. Augustus Rawlings, a gentleman of great enterprise, whose mission in Europe is to engage artists and correspondents in every important town. He is accompanied by a special artist, Albert Berghaus, Esq.

The *Daily Times*, of Liverpool, April 13th, speaks in the following terms of one of the original features of our paper—a feature which has proved of invaluable service in causing the recognition of people missing, whether by voluntary flight or unavoidable accident:

NOVEL APPLICATION OF PHOTOGRAPHY.—Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper of Saturday last, the 7th inst., contains a finely executed portrait of the unknown, and as yet unrecognised dead man, found floating in the bay of New Haven, engraved on wood from a photograph taken after the inquest. From its appearance, it is supposed that the body had been in the water but a few hours, and it is the general impression that he was thrown into the harbor after life had become extinct. The body was taken to the police station and there visited by more than five thousand persons; but no one turned up who could identify him. The faithful portrait of him now published and widely circulated ought, we think, to secure his identification. This is a valuable application of photography and the illustrated press, which, so far as we have observed, is quite novel.

We cordially thank our contemporaries over the water, as we doubtless owe much of the present popularity of our *Illustrated Newspaper* in England to their liberal and friendly notices.

#### Willard's Hotel—The Japanese.

PROBABLY no hotel proprietor ever had a more difficult task before him than Henry Willard, when it was decided that his house should be the home of the Japanese Ambassadors and their suite during their stay in Washington. To entertain the representatives of a people whose social habits are almost entirely shrouded in mystery, and whose known customs are diametrically opposed to our own, was a task not pleasant to contemplate—an achievement surrounded with difficulties. Still these difficulties had to be met and attacked as they were by a spirit of determination to please; they gradually yielded, and the clouded atmosphere became at once serene and smiling. All the officials connected with the Embassy—those most familiar with the habits of that people—are warm in their praise of the considerate and admirable arrangements made by Henry Willard. An entire floor is given for the accommodation of the distinguished strangers—one vast corridor is sacred to their uses—and in addition to the ample resources of the *cuisine* of the hotel, an exclusive kitchen has been fitted up for the use of the Japanese, so that they may follow their own instincts and habits with unrestricted freedom.

The one great care of Mr. Willard has been to secure to his distinguished guests that entire privacy by which alone their comfort could be insured. Ample but unobtrusive police service has been brought into requisition, the obtrusive visitors are put back, and the over-curious are defeated without squabble or confusion.

We cannot but rejoice that our friendly and noble visitors have fallen into such good hands; had their comforts been less assiduously provided for—had their privacy been less jealously guarded—in short, had they not been quartered at Willard's Hotel, the chances are that their opinion of our courteous and considerate hospitality and care might have been far less favorable than it is at present. As it is, we know from authority that they express the most entire satisfaction with their entertainment.

#### Lies and Libels.

We have been pleased to observe that on several occasions within a year or two past, our City Police Department has shown a highly commendable disposition and acted with energy in breaking up and punishing the manufacturers and sellers of those scurrilous sheets which live by printing filth, personalities and libels. No publication of the kind is so utterly degraded or insignificant but that it may be made the means of undeserved suffering, or of extorting the foulest form of black mail. The publisher may be a wretch of no higher social standing than the swindlers and strumpets with whom he associates, and it may also be that not one copy of the sheet is ever purchased by a decent person. But the stinging fly, bred in corruption, may poison a queen, and the lie, born of a foul and morbid fancy and winged with slander, may find its way to those who, in their innocence, believe that everything printed is read by everybody. There is something in mere type on paper which gives fearful force to a libel; and there is always some paltry, malicious coward to send the vilest slanders to those who should never hear of them, or some wretched gossip, who, instead of promptly dashing the lie away, lingers over it and re-reads it and retains it, and "wonders if there is anything in it?"

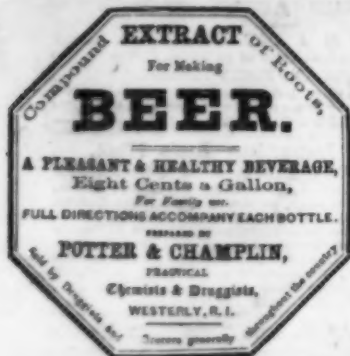
It is very much to be regretted, but it is very true, that the great mass of the public displays a discreditable and degraded taste in encouraging the press in every possible manner to publish paltry personal gossip, especially such as is, in most cases, none of the reader's business, and referring to people in whom he or she has no earthly interest. To vulgar minds, everything smacking of "An Exposé in High Life," "Rich Revelations Up-Town," "Vice in the Domestic Circles," is perfectly delightful. If much domestic suffering is involved in the cases detailed, the zest of the gossip becomes exquisitely piquant. Our moral and religious contemporaries wonder that the whole public take an interest in the cruel game of fisticuffs between two prizefighters, in which, perhaps, the worst bruise received will be all well in a few days. But they have no wonder for the fierce appetite—the intense relish for agonies of the heart which is constantly cultivated and indulged by people who would not witness a match in the ring "for worlds." The sharp torture of tender feelings which every "exposé" inflicts on innocent people is always taken into consideration, and the invariable chorus is, "How dreadfully his or her friends will feel." And why? Because a parcel of vile gossips will be interested in learning and circulating the "news."

It is useless to defend this taste by falling back on the old ground of love of gossip and an interest in what is going on in the world. Truly cultivated, truly refined, truly good people avoid personal discussions of the absent, and intuitively shun all subjects which can give pain. Some writer has said that there is an intuitive and mysterious freemasonry between ladies and gentlemen. If there is any mystery the clue to it is to be found in the fact that they quickly ascertain that each dislikes what is painful, or what is none of their business. If there is a natural love for suffering, slander and for raking out everybody's affairs, we may rely upon it, it is only natural, so far as any other filthy









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# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



## NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1860, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 235.—Vol. X.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1860.

[PRICE 6 CENTS.]

### BE CAREFUL HOW YOU CUT THIS PAPER.

**DIRECTIONS**—Pass the paper-knife between the two last pages and continue along the top. Then separate pages 9 and 12, and the splendid four page picture of the Reception of the Japanese Ambassadors by the President will be found uninjured.

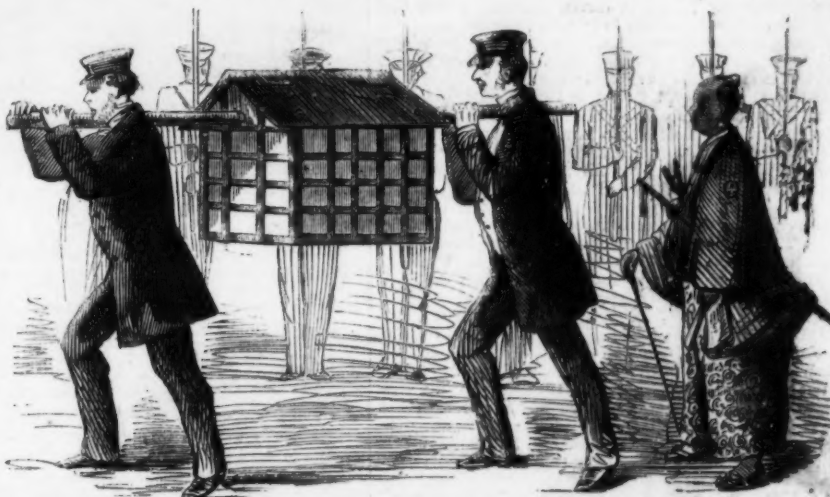
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### JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE.

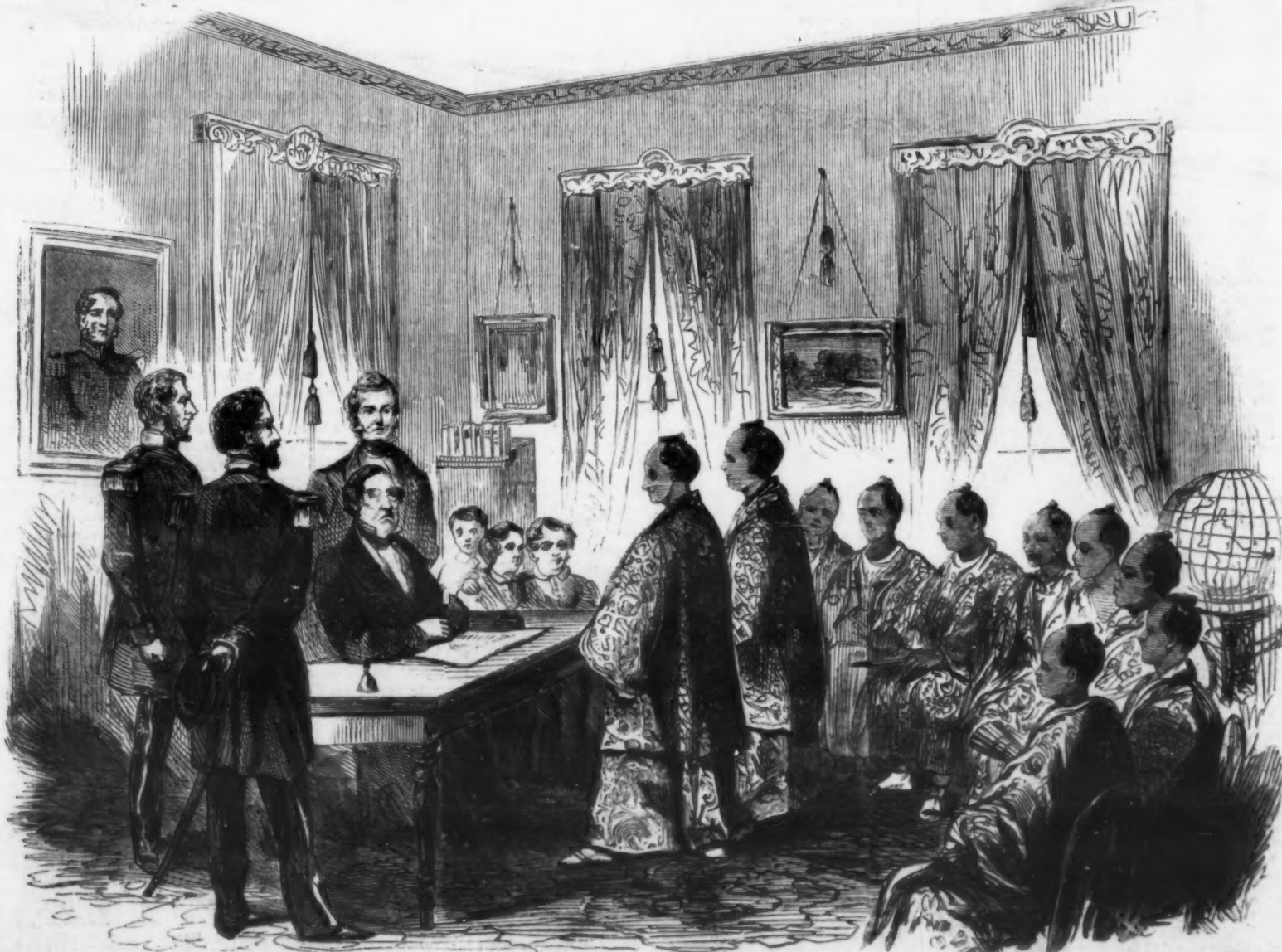
*Their History, Social Institutions, Laws and Customs.*

The early history of the Japanese is as yet shrouded in mystery. Philology and ethnography declare that they have, notwithstanding a superficial resemblance, no radical points of affinity with the Chinese. Kempter supposes them to have found their way in a primeval age from the plains of Central Asia to the valleys of Nippon, and it is evident that many old vocabularies of India and the Mongol world contain words in common with their language. There is a distinction of complexion and of general physical appearance between their aristocracy and the multitude which has been conjectured to arise from a primary difference of descent. Ladies of rank among them have generally a fine clear complexion. It may be true that this is caused by being protected from exposure, while those who hold to the contrary believe the darker Japanese to have come originally from Japan.

Like all Orientals, the Japanese claim a vast antiquity for their race and social forms, but the authentic account of them begins about 660 B. C., or 2,520 years ago. In that year appeared Zin-mu-ten-woo, or the "Divine Conqueror," who seized on Nippon and built a temple dedicated to the Sun Goddess. He founded the sovereignty of the Mikados, and the Mikado of the present day claims to have descended from him. At a very early period the imperial office appears to have become a sort of dogship,



THE NOURIMON, OR JAPANESE BOX CONTAINING THE TREATY, BORNE TO WILLARD'S HOTEL BY TWO POLICEMEN, AND JEALOUSLY WATCHED BY ITS APPOINTED JAPANESE GUARD.—SEE PAGE 10.



INTERVIEW OF THE JAPANESE AMBASSADORS, ON WEDNESDAY, MAY 10TH, WITH THE SECRETARY OF STATE, AT THE STATE DEPARTMENT, TO MAKE ARRANGEMENTS FOR THEIR RECEPTION BY THE PRESIDENT.—THE PRESIDENT AND VICE PRESIDENT UNDER THE CHARGE OF THE NAVAL COMMISSION, CONSISTING OF CAPTS. DUPONT, FORBES AND COMMANDER LEE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 10.



rendered miserable by an excess of court etiquette, ceremonies and forms. In no country has this social tyranny been carried to such incredible excess as in Japan. The monarch was made a sacred slave, too elevated to be allowed to hold communion with the world or to have a will of his own. To escape from this intolerable life the sovereign frequently abdicated in favor of his son, but governed virtually afterwards more freely as regent. It was evident that, as in the cases of the *maîtres du palais* of later French history, such a system would result in two rulers, one real by blood but nominal in power, the other nominally a servant but really the king's master. The abdication of a Mikado in favor of a son three months old, the transfer of the regency to the infant sovereign's grandfather, and a civil war led by one Yori-tomo to release the abdicated father from imprisonment, resulted in giving the real power to one not of royal blood, or to Yori-tomo, who became the first Ziogoon or temporal sovereign. This state of affairs lasted until the middle of the sixteenth century, when a terrible civil war broke out, caused by rival claims for the Ziogoon-ship. This resulted in favor of Tayko Samo, a man of great ability. Under his rule and that of the later Ziogoons the Mikado was deprived of almost the semblance of power and reduced to a mere cipher.

Custom, etiquette or law are all powerful in Japan. They form a tyranny unknown in any other land. The tendency of the race has been to be ruled. During the course of ages the Ziogoons, who once subdued the emperor, have themselves become little by little subdued by the invisible, omnipresent but terrible tyranny of laws "which are unalterable, exceedingly minute in detail, controlling almost every action of life." As in Venice, or among the Jesuits, every one, the governors as well as governed, are slaves to the spirit of an organization. As in all such states, there is a limitless system of spying. There are spies on spies, mutual reporting and faithfulness without end. It is the quintessence of despotism most perfectly administered, for it reduces the whole community to slaves, and makes, as a final touch, the despot himself a slave to system.

The Mikado, or nominal sovereign, has recovered respect, however, in being regarded as a spiritual ruler. The seclusion and mystery in which he is kept have induced veneration among the people, and he is worshipped almost as a deity. Once in seven years the Ziogoon makes a visit to the Mikado, and frequently sends him gifts, which are returned with prayers and blessings.

The Japanese are divided into eight castes or hereditary classes, which are strictly, we may say cruelly, observed. These are: I. The hereditary princes of the empire, holding by feud; II. The hereditary nobility holding fiefs by military service; III. All the priests of every denomination; IV. The soldiery furnished by class two. These four classes are aristocratic, and have certain distinctive privileges of dress. Below them are VI. Merchants and shopkeepers, who rank very low and are much despised. The richest men in the Empire belong to this class, and yet they are not permitted to expend their money in a luxurious or ostentatious style of living. Sumptuary laws impose restraints which they dare not violate. VII. Small dealers, pedlars, mechanics and artisans of every kind except tanners. VIII. Sailors, fishermen, peasants and laborers of all kinds, the peasants being serfs and tanners. These latter, and all in any way busied with leather, are regarded as vile and polluted. No one will eat with them or touch them, they are not numbered in the census or allowed to enter a public-house. They supply the public executioners and turnkeys.

Under the Ziogoon is a grand councillor, who decides upon all affairs of moment, has the universal appointing power, may, on appeal, sanction or reverse every sentence of death passed, and in short, acts for the emperor in these and some other exercises of sovereignty. Below him is a Grand-Council of State of Thirteen, taken five from the first and eight from the second class of nobility. This Council has the power of deposing the Ziogoon. Under these are the inferior officers of state in gradation.

Japan originally consisted of sixty-eight principalities. These are now split up into six hundred and four different administrations of different kinds. They are governed by the feudal princes, with a mere show of authority. The Ziogoon and Council, but especially the latter, wield all the power. All of these are held in check by spies. Officials are spies on each other, noblemen taken in low disguises to find out secrets; every family has its traitor; the result being the most perfect conservative government imaginable, sustained by mutual distrust and universal treachery. It illustrates in a wonderful manner the fact that, while a race may be really well off, so far as mere temporal comforts are concerned, in a conservative state of society, the latter, contrasted to republicanism, can only be upheld by falsehood, espionage and cruelty.

Any offence against the law, and in fact many against mere etiquette, require death or its honorable substitute, suicide. So general is the latter, so imperative is it on certain occasions, that the law recognises *felo de se* as an honorable ceremony, and there are books in existence giving the rules and etiquette of self-murder. The official who has violated the law and been detected is sure of death, since execution is the punishment for nearly all crimes. But if he kill himself he saves his property from confiscation and his family from death with him. High officials often commit suicide on a point of honor when anything has gone wrong in their administration, and in such cases their sons are often promoted to high positions as a reward for the father's scrupulousness. Any one proposing a reform or a new law, which is not adopted, is expected to kill himself—in fact at every gateway of disappointment or scorn the Japanese officer of state sees awaiting him the solemn spectre of death.

This suicide is the well-known *hari-kari*, or ripping open the bowels. It is rendered more frequent by the system of responsibility attached to every officer. Even when in the department of a high officer there has been a violation of law, and frequently when he has had a mere difference of political opinion the *hari-kari* is resorted to.

The result of the prevalence of capital punishment and of incessant espionage has been to introduce any amount of treachery, falsehood and equivocation in a business way among the officials. As private men, the same persons are, according to Commodore Perry, frank, truthful and hospitable.

The original national religion of Japan is called Sin-syn, from sin the "gods," and syn "faith." The word has been modified into Sintoo. Its principal object of worship is *Ten-sio-da-zin*, the Sun Goddess, but it involves thousands of lesser deities called *Kami*, the majority of whom are deified man. There are two sects in this faith, Yuits and Rioboo Sinto, of which the former is orthodox, the latter eclectic. The Rioboo Sinto has introduced a great admixture of Buddhism into their religion, and it is probable that the whole had one common origin. They believe in metempsychosis, idol worship, Lamaism and other Indian doctrines.

The learned men of Japan are supposed to belong to a sect called Sintoo, though in reality they are simply philosophers cultivating a code of ethics corresponding with the moral doctrines of Confucius, and mingled with a few elevated Buddhist speculations, though its adherents have great contempt for the gross Buddhist superstition of the multitude. It is believed that something of Christianity was known in Japan as early as 50 A. D., but whether this faith in the Trinity and Redemption by Faith in the Son of a Virgin who died to redeem mankind came by our revelation, or whether it was some form of the old Oriental Trinity and worship of the Queen of Heaven and her Child is not known.

(To be continued.)

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#### Foreign News.

By the Adriatic we have news to the 9th. The Great Eastern was being fitted for sea with all despatch, and was advertised to sail from England on or about the 9th of June. Her destination was New York. The finances of Austria were in a frightful condition. The Count Montemolin and Don Ferdinand had renounced all claim to the Spanish throne. Garibaldi had left for Sicily with an expeditionary corps. Sayers had written a letter to the London Times thanking the British public for their liberality to him, praising Heenan for his activity and pluck, and lauding the American people generally. Louis Napoleon was assembling a large army at Chalons. It was to be placed under the command of the Duke of Magenta. There was a general presentiment of a war with some power, but which it was remains in doubt. The probabilities of an European Congress were increasing. The insurrection in Sicily was general; the large towns were, however, in the possession of the royal troops. It was rumored that another fight would take place between Heenan and Sayers.

#### The Chicago Convention.

The nomination of Abraham Lincoln by the Republican Convention of Chicago is another evidence of the remarkable fact, that the most prominent leaders of a party are invariably set aside at the very moment when they might naturally expect to receive the highest compliment it is in the power of the party to bestow. It would seem as though supereminent devotion to a section was considered as a disqualification when a general appeal to the country is inevitable. Mr. Seward now takes his place with other great party chiefs who have been put aside to make room for one less objectionable to that conservative element which instinctively recoils from all extremes, and we see in the nomination of Mr. Lincoln a proof of that returning moderation which sinks a particular question in the general good. Whatever may be Mr. Seward's ability, it is impossible to deny that he is so distasteful to a large portion of the Union as to give to his nomination an air of defiance, which would have made his election, had it been possible, the act of triumph of one party, wholly at variance with that spirit of conciliation and conservatism absolutely necessary to the welfare and harmony of the Republic.

#### Our Paper in England.

We cannot but feel much gratified at the remarkable success which has attended our endeavors to introduce Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper into England. The prominence which the English papers gave to our enterprise, in sending over to that country a special correspondent and artist, attracted a large share of public attention to our journal, and the publication of Frank Leslie's Extra in London so startled the people by its daring novelty, that our agents there are receiving daily orders which promise to build up a formidable subscription list in the old country.

The chief point of attraction, both to the people and the journals, is the wonderfully rapid production of current news incidents, which, in almost every case, appear the same week in Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.

This is a feature in which we have no rival, and it is this feature which makes our paper the only reliable Illustrated history of the time.

We have received numberless notices from the most prominent and respectable of the English papers. That admirably conducted and popular journal, the *Illustrated News of the World*, says of our enterprise:

In England we do things in a quieter way than our cousins on the other side of the Atlantic, especially the more enterprising of the Americans. In the newspaper region they carry everything with a very high hand. We suppose that there are occasional failures there as well as here; but the dying murmur of any periodical has not yet been wafted by the winds and the waves to this side of the Atlantic. The note of their grand successes, on the other hand, is heard at the end of the earth. While we have our prosperous illustrated papers here, for instance, none of them, under the best management, reach a permanent circulation of 100,000 a week, like that of Frank Leslie's paper. Failure or impossibility is not part of their creed. Their faith is of the strong-

est, and no doubt this is one of the sources of their decided successes. The occasion of the late fight was taken advantage of by Mr. Leslie, and an impression was published in London, which, of course, sold immensely. He has appointed a special representative, Dr. Augustus Rawlings, a gentleman of great enterprise, whose mission in Europe is to engage artists and correspondents in every important town. He is accompanied by a special artist, Albert Berghaus, Esq.

The *Daily Times*, of Liverpool, April 13th, speaks in the following terms of one of the original features of our paper—a feature which has proved of invaluable service in causing the recognition of people missing, whether by voluntary flight or unavoidable accident:

NOVEL APPLICATION OF PHOTOGRAPHY.—Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper of Saturday last, the 7th inst., contains a finely executed portrait of the unknown, and as yet unrecognised dead man, found floating in the bay of New Haven, engraved on wood from a photograph taken after the inquest. From its appearance, it is supposed that the body had been in the water but a few hours, and it is the general impression that he was thrown into the harbor after life had become extinct. The body was taken to the police-station and there visited by more than five thousand persons; but no one turned up who could identify him. The faithful portrait of him now published and widely circulated ought, we think, to secure his identification. This is a valuable application of photography and the illustrated press, which, so far as we have observed, is quite novel.

We cordially thank our contemporaries over the water, as we doubtless owe much of the present popularity of our *Illustrated Newspaper* in England to their liberal and friendly notices.

#### Willard's Hotel—The Japanese.

PROBABLY no hotel proprietor ever had a more difficult task before him than Henry Willard, when it was decided that his house should be the home of the Japanese Ambassadors and their suite during their stay in Washington. To entertain the representatives of a people whose social habits are almost entirely shrouded in mystery, and whose known customs are diametrically opposed to our own, was a task not pleasant to contemplate—an achievement surrounded with difficulties. Still these difficulties had to be met and attacked as they were by a spirit of determination to please; they gradually yielded, and the clouded atmosphere became at once serene and smiling. All the officials connected with the Embassy—those most familiar with the habits of that people—are warm in their praise of the considerate and admirable arrangements made by Henry Willard. An entire floor is given for the accommodation of the distinguished strangers—one vast corridor is sacred to their uses—and in addition to the ample resources of the cuisine of the hotel, an exclusive kitchen has been fitted up for the use of the Japanese, so that they may follow their own instincts and habits with unrestricted freedom.

The one great care of Mr. Willard has been to secure to his distinguished guests that entire privacy by which alone their comfort could be insured. Ample but unobtrusive police service has been brought into requisition, the obtrusive visitors are put back, and the over-curious are defeated without squabble or confusion.

We cannot but rejoice that our friendly and noble visitors have fallen into such good hands; had their comforts been less assiduously provided for—had their privacy been less jealously guarded—in short, had they not been quartered at Willard's Hotel, the chances are that their opinion of our courteous and considerate hospitality and care might have been far less favorable than it is at present. As it is, we know from authority that they express the most entire satisfaction with their entertainment.

#### Lies and Libels.

We have been pleased to observe that on several occasions within a year or two past, our City Police Department has shown a highly commendable disposition and acted with energy in breaking up and punishing the manufacturers and sellers of those scurrilous sheets which live by printing filth, personalities and libels. No publication of the kind is so utterly degraded or insignificant but that it may be made the means of undeserved suffering, or of extorting the foulest form of black mail. The publisher may be a wretch of no higher social standing than the swindlers and strumpets with whom he associates, and it may also be that not one copy of the sheet is ever purchased by a decent person. But the stinging fly, bred in corruption, may poison a queen, and the lie, born of a foul and morbid fancy and winged with slander, may find its way to those who, in their innocence, believe that everything printed is read by everybody. There is something in mere type on paper which gives fearful force to a libel; and there is always some paltry, malicious coward to send the vilest slanders to those who should never hear of them, or some wretched gossip, who, instead of promptly dashing the lie away, lingers over it and re-reads it and retains it, and "wonders if there is anything in it!"

It is very much to be regretted, but it is very true, that the great mass of the public displays a discreditable and degraded taste in encouraging the press in every possible manner to publish paltry personal gossip, especially such as is, in most cases, none of the reader's business, and referring to people in whom he or she has no earthly interest. To vulgar minds, everything smacking of "An Exposé in High Life," "Rich Revelations Up-Town," "Vice in the Domestic Circles," is perfectly delightful. If much domestic suffering is involved in the cases detailed, the zest of the gossip becomes exquisitely piquant. Our moral and religious contemporaries wonder that the whole public take an interest in the cruel game of fisticuffs between two prizefighters, in which, perhaps, the worst bruise received will be all well in a few days. But they have no wonder for the fierce appetite—the intense relish for agonies of the heart which is constantly cultivated and indulged by people who would not witness a match in the ring "for worlds." The sharp torture of tender feelings which every "exposé" inflicts on innocent people is always taken into consideration, and the invariable chorus is, "How dreadfully his or her friends will feel." And why? Because a parcel of vile gossips will be interested in learning and circulating the "news."

It is useless to defend this taste by falling back on the old ground of love of gossip and an interest in what is going on in the world. Truly cultivated, truly refined, truly good people avoid personal discussions of the absent, and intuitively shun all subjects which can give pain. Some writer has said that there is an intuitive and mysterious freemasonry between ladies and gentlemen. If there is any mystery the clue to it is to be found in the fact that they quickly ascertain that each dislikes what is painful, or what is none of their business. If there is a natural love for suffering, slander and for raking out everybody's affairs, we may rely upon it, it is only natural, so far as any other filthy



and cruel vices are "natural," and should be carefully guarded against as they are. If our reader chances to be young, forming a character, and ambitious of being received in the world as a person of superior refinement, let him be assured that the most effectual way to accomplish this is to cultivate a distaste for scandal, personal discussions, and in short, for all of that which is none of his business. A more effective cure for vulgarity does not exist. Were half as much said against this vice as there is against those which not one person in five thousand is inclined to, we should soon have no more filthy and scurrilous papers and no more black mail extortioners.

#### EDITORIAL GLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS.

A New Jersey paper relates as perfect an act of cruelty, meanness and illegality, perpetrated by a large New York dry goods firm upon a poor woman, as ever met our notice. The wife of a tradesman carrying on business in New York had for years kept a small retail store in Hoboken. About a month ago her husband was arrested in New York on a charge of arson. One would think such a misfortune would have appealed to any human bosom in favor of this poor broken-hearted wife and her three children, but it only incited the dry goods of the New York house, who had supplied the poor woman for years and been regularly paid, to take advantage of her helpless position. They dispatched one of their clerks to bully the woman into giving up all that was in her store, and but for the interference of a Jersey magistrate would have succeeded. The clerk behaved in a most brutal and abusive manner. Why does not the Hoboken paper publish the name of this dry goods house, that our Southern friends may avoid it as though it were an abolitionist.

We are not surprised at the favor the Union ticket receives from the Philadelphians. Bell and Everett are eminently respectable, but they never will be able to keep that national hotel the White House. A Philadelphian says that what a Philadelphian loves is a neat suit of clothes and a white choker. They went in for Buchanan on account of the spotless integrity of his white vest.

The Bowie-Kalfe disease has broken out again in this country with renewed violence. Three cases of assaults in which this weapon was used occur in the latest Western items, while we learn that among the ornamental upholstery of the room at Chicago in which the Missouri delegates meet, there is placed an enormous bowie-knife, eight foot long, bearing an inscription expressing the gratitude of the friends of John T. Potter to that gentleman. Mr. Potter, it will be remembered, when challenged by Mr. Pryor to fight a duel, chose for weapon that variety of hunting-knife known in America as the Bowie, so called from its inventor, a colonel of that name.

If the shade of the brave colonel can look from the Elysium where it now wanders, how happy he must be to see the popularity which his name has attained!

Of late years the masculine, or strong-minded woman of America, if she happens to be also strong armed, has discovered that the best way to be revenged on a betrayer is to give him a public whipping. Our contemporary journals give us a case about once a week of a lady—always "elegantly dressed"—who, with a corset in her delicately gloved hand, assails her ex-Arthur in the street, and gives him a stinging proof of the baseness of wooing not to wed. As public opinion does not suffer the Arthur to defend himself, his only chance is to run like a deer, as a gentleman did on Thursday morning last, in Philadelphia, when the handsomely dressed and unhandcuffed deserter attacked him in a railroad car. Not long ago, a young and very strong man, who had been attacked in this manner by a woman, retaliated by snatching the corset from her and carrying her in his arms home to her father. She sued him for assault and battery, and obtained a verdict in her favor!

On a similar case being brought before him, a New Jersey magistrate dismissed both gentleman and lady with the remark, "If this Court should be attacked by a man, the Court knows perfectly well what it would do; it would roll up its sleeves and give the man a beating. But if this Court were to be attacked by a woman, the Court wishes it may perish if it knows what it would do!"

#### PERSONAL.

The Princess Mathilde caused an immense sensation lately at a fancy ball in Paris. She appeared in the costume of an Egyptian princess. It took Giraud four hours to paint her flesh a tawny color. When she appeared she looked a perfect representation of the age of the Pharaohs.

Miss Hutton, an American belle, has married the Marquis des Portes.

RASKY, the horse-tamer, has been to Constantinople. He was introduced to the Sultan by the American Minister.

BROWN is busy with his preparations to astonish the world by his feats at Niagara.

Dr the Kurnak, on the 16th inst., ex-President Pierce and his wife arrived from Nassau, N.P.

The English papers have an account of a fracas ending in a Hemonastic encounter, between a gentleman and a learned Judge of the Exchequer. The prize ring, on this special occasion, was in the lobby of Her Majesty's Opera House. Sayers and Henan have much to answer for.

It is stated, on the authority of a relative now in Washington, that Mr. Everett will not accept the position offered to him on the Baltimore ticket.

Mrs. STEVEN WATSON died at her house, Bowling Green, on the 12th inst., aged seventy-eight years. She was the widow of the great millionaire, whose portrait we gave in our 222nd number.

The annual election of the Mercantile Library Association took place on the 16th inst. Mr. King Sherman was elected President.

Mrs. WOOD has displaced Mr. Stout, and made Mr. Platt City Chamberlain. This is called by the wags of Tammany the Mayor's Flat-tudes.

Three men started with fifteen ladies from Wisconsin, lately, for Pike's Peak. There is a great demand for wives in that gold region.

COURT ROUGHNESS, whose colored servant was expelled from Dr. Cheever's church some months ago, is staying at the Metropolitan Hotel.

The Hon. JOHN A. DIX has been appointed Postmaster of New York in place of Mr. Fowler.

The jury on Harden's trial appear to have been religious men. Before deliberating on their verdict, one of them read a chapter in the Bible. This was, we presume, in compliment to Mr. Harden being a clergyman.

LOUIS VUILLIARD, the editor of the suppressed *L'Univers*, is to commence a paper in Rome in the French language.

MADAME GAMBETTA returns to Piedmont on the 30th inst. The presents she received from the Havaneese were on show at Tiffany's. They are very costly.

MR. FRY, of Bristol, is about publishing a *fac-simile* of Tyndale's Bible. This was printed at Worms in 1525.

The Wildfire, slaver, was owned by Mr. Raen Irex, of Havana.

MR. MORSELAND, a Kentuckian, fell in love with a young lady, and wrote twenty-seven letters to her in one day.

MISS WATKINSON has married a son of Mr. Ball Hughes. The latter is a well-known sportsman, and married the famous Mlle. Mercandante.

JUDGE MACDONALD, of the Supreme Court, Georgia, has had an attack of apoplexy. He is not expected to recover.

#### LITERATURE.

We have received from G. G. EVANS a brilliant volume entitled *The Throne of David, or the Abdication of Prince Absalom*, by the Rev. J. H. Ingraham, LL.D. This is the third of a series, which it completes, designed to illustrate the splendor, power and dominion of the reign of the shepherd, poet, warrior, king and prophet, ancestor and type of Jesus. The plan of the work is ingenious and original, and the pictures drawn are lifelike and powerful. The facts as laid down in the Bible are strictly adhered to, and are woven into a narrative form singularly interesting and indeed fascinating. The wonderful power of the king, the extent of his territory, his riches and his glory are set forth in colors glowing with oriental magnificence and barbaric splendor. The history is supposed to be narrated in a series of letters by Arbaces, an Assyrian ambassador at the Court of Jerusalem, to his lord and king on the throne of Nineveh. It is a strangely interesting work, leading one on from page to page with a charm which renders it almost impossible to pause until the whole volume is read.

We should advise our friends before reading "The Throne of David" to purchase "The Pillar of Fire" and "A Prince of the House of David." The three volumes form a connected history in the following order: "The Pillar of Fire," "The Throne of David" and "A Prince of the House of David." It would be hardly possible to select a more deeply interesting and brilliant series.

Mrs. BROWN, Nov. 5 and 7 Mercer street, have sent us a volume of poems, by WILLIAM H. HOLCOMBE, M. B. This is the mildest form of poetry that has fallen in our way for some time, and out of consideration to the mildness of its type we will be gentle in our remarks. The doctor is modest, quite unpretending in his preface, and acknowledges that he has not had the leisure to cultivate the Muse, and, as we know what every maiden these same Muses are, and how much wooing they require, we are hardly surprised to find the doctor not a poet. The volume contains many very pleasing poems, distinguished more for the gentleness of their sentiment and affectionate nature than for ideas or imagery. The versification is generally smooth and the language simple, and may possibly be found highly acceptable and interesting to a certain class of readers who do not care to struggle after an author in the ambitious regions of imagination; but would rather walk with him, hand in hand, in the jog-trot level of common platitudes. The book is very handsomely printed.

From MAIRY & BAKER, Boston, we have received a new novel, called *Rita; An Autobiography*. It is the life-history of an intelligent, right-minded, self-reliant, but truly womanly woman, who undergoes severe trials, wrongs and heart afflictions, chiefly through the agency of a profligate father, too noble to work but not ashamed to borrow or beg. The story is told feelingly, earnestly and naturally. There is no straining after startling effects or situations; there are no heroic sufferings, any more than all the heroes who suffer unconsciously and still stand up with a brave face, there are no stereotyped mortal angels, so sublimated in their virtue that butter could not even get into their mouths, much less melt there. No, the characters are all men and women, with their individualities strongly marked out and developed, and their faults and their virtues stated with equal impartiality. The plot is ingeniously woven, congruous in its design, and is deeply interesting, because every one can sympathize with real sorrows (the episodes of every passing hour), although the hero and the heroine are not historic characters, but every day beings that we meet with commonly in our walks.

It is entirely pure and noble in sentiment, and could be harmlessly, nay, profitably, placed in the hands of every one. We can commend it very strongly to our readers.

*Lloyd's Steamboat and Railway Guide*. We have received the May number of this excellent Guide for Southern Travellers. It contains a vast amount of general information, carefully and laboriously prepared, with all the time-tables of the various Southern railroads and steamboats, and with brief but accurate accounts of the various places of interest on the several routes. The arrangement of *Lloyd's Guide* is eminently clear and precise, unlike some of our Northern Guides, which confuse the traveller more than they help him. *Lloyd's system* is so plain that a child can understand it.

The May number is embellished with some beautiful engravings. Among them we find the portraits of the popular and genial Warren Leland, of the Metropolitan Hotel, John Robin McDaniel and J. Edgar Thomson, Esqrs. Also views of the cities of New Orleans, Baltimore, &c.

#### MUSIC.

**Italian Opera in New York.**—The matinee at the Academy and Winter Garden on Saturday morning, the 19th inst., closed up the spring season at both houses. If it were possible to arrive at a correct opinion of the success of the operatic enterprises by the average nightly attendance of the public, we should say that both the Strakosch and Ullmann and the Marstek party had made a profitable speculation. But our experience teaches us that the more brilliant the audiences, the more empty is the treasury—according to the management. Let us hope, however, that these self-sacrificing public benefactors are not utterly ruined—that there may still be enough left in the treasury to commence over again at the proper time.

The Academy campaign has been sustained by the personal popularity of our pet prima donna, Adeline Patti, supported by a strong and effective quartette, Brignoli, Amadio, Susini and Ferri, whose acknowledged excellence was a guarantee that all the parts would be efficiently sustained. Patti's sudden leap into popularity has not proven the result of a whim of the moment. The young artist, instead of being driven half wild by public admiration and losing the balance of her mind in consequence, has kept steadily on in her professional exertions, and has displayed from week to week evidences of great and singular improvement. She is no longer the child artist; in all her latter delineations of character she shows intelligent study and marked intention. Both vocally and dramatically she has made rapid strides in her profession, and has fairly and deservedly won the popular admiration and love.

Adeline Patti commenced an extended concert tour on Monday, the 21st inst., at Albany. She will give concerts at the principal cities on the way to Buffalo, thence through the Great West, returning to New York by way of Canada, reaching, probably, the port of Her Majesty's dominions in time to let the Prince of Wales judge of the quality of our pet singing bird. We do not doubt that this concert tour will prove a triumphant and profitable journey for Adeline Patti and Maurice Strakosch.

Inez Fabri has been the leading star at Winter Garden, and has more than sustained the reputation which preceded her. Her voice is of the most exquisite quality, and as a dramatic vocalist we have hardly had her equal, and certainly not her superior in America. The various characters she has sustained have fully developed her powers, and have placed her in a proud position in the estimation of the public.

The management of Max Maretzek has been distinguished by remarkable energy and tact. He has produced as much novelty as possible. The last, "La Juive," was got out with much care and liberal outlay, and should have made a much more marked sensation. His German night was a decidedly popular movement, and in another season can be made a great success. Max Maretzek has done well in every sense; his energy is untiring, his judgment accurate, and he has again proved himself, as an operatic manager, equal to the emergencies of the time, and as a most competent and popular man in that department we have ever had in New York.

**Another Season at Winter Garden.**—Since writing the above we learn that Max Maretzek has concluded to prolong his season. "Nabucco" and "La Juive" will be performed this week, and new operas are in active preparation. He has now the field to himself, and is sure of a brilliant season.

#### DRAMA.

TOM TAYLOR is, without doubt, the most successful dramatist of the present day. Mr. Bourisault may possibly object to this conclusion, but, nevertheless, we think it can be sustained by evidence of the most convincing character. At all events, his name attached to a play is always deemed by the public an all-sufficient proof of its merit. Under these circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that on Monday evening last Wallack's Theatre was most uncomfortably crowded on the occasion of the production of the aforesaid Tom Taylor's last comedy, called "The Overland Route."

The action of the play takes place on board the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer *Sincom*, and a coral reef on which the vessel is wrecked, and most artistically and cleverly the author worked up his material, affording a variety of entirely new and original situations and a dialogue always amusing, and, at times, charmingly pointed and epigrammatic. There is not any absorbing interest in the plot of this play; on the contrary, it is somewhat lacking in that respect. But one forgets its shortcomings in the nicely contrasted characters that the author has grouped together. Who ever recollects the slipshod and unsatisfactory nature of Dickens's stories after making acquaintance with the quaint and fascinating people by whom they are worked out? So it is with this play, so interested does the auditor become in the different phases of human nature presented, that he forgets that they are only talking and acting without any special object in view, and it is only after the curtain has fallen upon the last act that he stops to look what it has all about; and on gathering together the frail threads of the story, finds he has been entertained for three hours by a drama without a particle of interest in the plot. We hardly think any other living dramatic writer could achieve this miracle.

"The Overland Route" is put upon the stage in a masterly manner. The scene representing the saloon in the cabin of the steamer is most admirable, nothing is wanting to complete the illusion; and the deck of the vessel, upon which the second act transpires, is worthy of even a greater degree of praise, inasmuch as an equal success is attained with infinitely greater difficulties to overcome. The stranding of the vessel upon the coral reef, with which this act terminates, is the finest effect of the kind we have ever witnessed on the stage.

How pleasant is the critic's task when he has only to say amiable things! On this occasion we have nothing to find fault with; the play itself is fresh and charming, the scenery fine, and the acting first-class. To Mrs. Hoey and Mr. Walcott, perhaps belong the special honors for their rendition of their respective parts. Mrs. Seabright and Mr. Lovibond; but each and all are excellent, seeming to vie with each other in lending vitality and spirit to the performance. We prophesied all along that Mr. Wallack had a "real sensation" in store with which to wind up his season, and our prediction is more than realized.

Mr. Joseph Jefferson inaugurated his summer season at Miss Keene's Theatre on Wednesday evening, presenting on that occasion an amusing farce called "An Affair of Honor; or, a Duel in Dress," and Flancher's burlesque, entitled "The Invisible Prince; or, the Island of Tranquil Delights." With the exception of the new manager himself, Miss Jefferson and Mrs. John Wood, the company is by no means first-class, and we fear not particularly well adapted for burlesque. The performances, however, on the opening night were exceedingly amusing, Jefferson's rendering of the character of Prince Furibond being atrociously funny, and Mrs. Wood satisfying her most ardent admirers by her rendering of Louisa, the Invisible Prince. Her costume was strikingly beautiful, and her representation of the statue of Apollo exceedingly effective. The piece is put upon the stage with every care, the dresses and scenery being alike splendid; and when Mr. Jefferson has added a few more leading members to his corps dramatique (as we understand he is about to do) he will no doubt earn himself as enviable a reputation as a manager as he already enjoys as an artist.

**Barnum's Museum.**—"Dot" is still the favorite at this Temple of Amusement, and nightly crowds testify to its great merits. The curiosities

are still as popular as ever. Among the latter are the Japanese caricatures—at this time they are especially interesting.

**Jacobs, the Wizard of Broadway.**—If any intelligent family wish to be pleasantly amused, let it go to the Temple of Magic, 444 Broadway. Mr. Jacobs is a first-rate Magician and Ventriloquist, and Goblin Sprightly is full of fun. In the dark ages, Jacobs would have been roasted alive, so excellent are his tricks.

#### COL. T. B. THORPE'S PICTURE OF NIAGARA.

Church and Gignoux and a score of inferior hands have struggled with Niagara, but the magnificent proportions and headlong power of that wondrous work of Nature have so belittled the efforts of all except the two first-named artists, that wretched failures have been the result. Church and Gignoux selected their points of view and time with rare judgment; their manipulation was equal to their conception, and the Great Falls lost but little of their grandeur, beauty and immensity at their hands. Still, faithful and admirable as these were as works of art, they did not convey, they were not designed to depict, the perfect idea of the Falls as a whole. It needed just the picture which Colonel Thorpe has produced to complete a magnificent series of Niagara illustrations.

The first thing which strikes the beholder is the accurate literal faithfulness of the view. The eye takes in at a glance every feature of that grandly beautiful and impressive scene, from the swift and sudden rush of the American Fall, away along the almost dead level past Goat Island to the greatest natural waterworks in the world—the Horseshoe Fall.

The next point which strikes the observer, almost before the eye has fairly taken in the whole view thus presented, is the seeming insignificant proportions of the much vaunted Niagara. But do not trust to first impressions. Let us, dear reader, stand together upon this high ground—Victoria point on the Canada side, from which spot the picture was taken, and survey the wonderful scene before us. We are almost on a level with the top of the Falls, and can trace the rapids back for miles; and to measure the distance of the fall of water, we have only to depress our eyes a trifling angle; we have not to look directly down nor perpendicularly up, and therefore and thus our organ of wonder is deceived, and we are disappointed. But this fact is a triumphant proof of the perfect faithfulness of the copy when universal testimony goes to prove that the original always thus impresses the beholder who gazes upon it for the first time. Do not be discouraged; look a little longer. What is that object to your right—that speck amid the white and whirling water—there, near to the great horseshoe? Is it a bird? No, it is the steamboat the *Maid of the Mist*, which has dwindled down almost to the size of a fish-hawk! We begin to realize something of the proportions!

Look right before you, a little to your left, there on the rock near to the water's edge and close by the American Fall. What are those specks there? Are they men? Yes, full-grown men, but dwarfed by the distance and the height above them to the merest pygmies. Now indeed do we realize a sense of the immensity of the scene before us, and comprehend how the vast in Nature becomes vast by comparison, and grows greater in proportion as the mind, having time for reflection, examines and accepts the facts which demonstrate its greatness. Imagination then has away, and that poetry, which is latent in every heart and adds a charm even to the simplest scene, mingles with that sense of vastness and makes up the true impression of the grandeur of Niagara Falls.

As we continue to gaze upon Col. Thorpe's picture, we realize all that we have expressed above.

If we were asked, "Is there genius in the picture?" we should answer, Yes. It is not displayed in a dramatic sense, by searching for some out of the way point of view from whence strikingly effective, sectional pictures might be made, but which no more reflects Niagara than a brick does the Tower of Babel. Neither is it displayed in sketching it under some strong but unusual atmospheric effect. But it is displayed in the literal transcript of Nature—the bending of the artistic power to the all sufficient picturesqueness of the scene. Nature here only needed a faithful portraiture to assert that sublimity which Art can but faintly imitate.

The subject has been handled with singular skill by Col. Thorpe. The coloring is good and effective, and the management of the mist springing up from the Horseshoe Fall and mingling with the atmosphere, is masterly. The picture is not perfect. There are some blemishes which we may dwell upon on a more critical examination, but they are as nothing when balanced against the great excellence of the whole picture. The critics claim for Col. Thorpe that he is an amateur, but it takes something more than profession to make an artist, and Col. Thorpe is an artist without having been enrolled among the craft.

We understand that the picture has been sold for \$5,000, with privilege of exhibition, for which purpose it will be sent over to England immediately.

#### THE LEVEL, PLUMB AND SQUARE.

All communications for this department should be addressed to the "Masonic Editor."

The word "Masonry," when first adopted, was merely a corruption of the Greek *Masouranos*, or, in the Latin, *Sum in Medio Celi*, which name was applied to the science about A. M. 3490, when Pythagoras, after travelling over the whole world, made many additions to the mysteries of his native country, which he purified from their gross abominations by the use of "Lux," which he had learned in Judea, and in Greece instituted a ☐ of Geometricians on a new principle, compounded from all the existing systems of other nations. The aspirants were enjoined a silence of five years previous to initiation, and those who could not endure this rigid probation were publicly dismissed; a tomb was erected for them, and they were ever after considered as dead. Pythagoras also invented a valuable proposition which he called "Eureka," because it forms a grand basis for all the laborious calculations of operative architecture. This indefatigable Mason carried his astronomical studies to such perfection as absolutely to discover the true system of the universe, by placing the sun in the centre, around which the planets made their various revolutions. From this system originated the name of our science, *Masouranos*, and the representation of the great luminary of the universe which invigorates all nature with its beams; was placed in the centre as an emblem of the union of speculative with operative Masonry, which had before been practised by King Solomon in the M. C. of his Temple. This distinguished appellation, *Masouranos*, in the subsequent declension and oblivion of the science during the dark ages of barbarity and superstition, might be corrupted into "Masonry," as it remains. Being then merely operative, it was confined to a few hands, and these artificers and working Masons.

#### JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

Father! father! the joyful minstrel sung—  
Lo, glad I come, with timbrel and with dance;  
Hail, father, hail! thine arm in God was strong;  
Hail, God of Israel, Israel's sure defence!  
Hosanna! hosanna!  
Thus the minstrel sung.

Father! father! the astonished daughter cried—  
What grief is this, what means that sign of woe?  
Dust on thy head? thy gray hairs frosting wide—  
That look of horror on each soldier's brow?  
Bewailing, bewailing,  
Thus the daughter cried.

Father! father! the maid devoted said—  
If thus I'm doomed, if thus thy vow has gone,  
Turn thou not back! there's hope amidst the dead—  
None to the perished—let thy will be done.  
Hosanna! hosanna!  
Thus the maiden said.

Father! father! the doomed one meekly spoke—  
Be strong thy hand, be resolute thy heart!  
To heaven's re-union I'll joyful look,  
And with a blessing on thy head, depart!  
Farewell! farewell!  
Thus the doomed one spoke.

Over forty thousand dollars will accrue to the Fund of the Masonic Hall and Asylum in June of this year, from a general taxation of all Masons returned in the jurisdiction of the Grand ☐ of New York, viz., one dollar twenty cents each member.



President of the United States, in the East Room of the White House, at Washington, on Thursday, May 17.







FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.——Reception of the Japanese Ambassadors by t



## "I CAN'T WAIT!"

A child turned from its New Year's play,  
And to its dearest mother ran,  
Saying, "When is it Christmas day?"  
"Nearly a year, my little man."  
The child sat down disconsolate,  
And cried, "Oh, mother, I can't wait!"

A poet gazed on Homer's bust,  
His soaring genius longed for fame,  
"When will the world to me be just?  
And when like yours a glorious name?"  
A thousand years have made you great—  
You lived a beggar—I can't wait!"

A moribund looked on his race,  
Communing with his soul—then said,  
"My name with Solon's may have place  
When I have been long ages dead;  
Confucius' laws now rule his state—  
Three thousand years gone! I can't wait!"

Triflers! the farmer sows his grain  
In earth, and with a patient heart  
Trusts to the sunshine and the rain,  
And the slow months to do their part.  
The garner grows beneath the freight  
Of harvest time. The world can wait!

It takes a thousand years or so  
For mighty thoughts to gather root;  
Great oaks must have their time to grow,  
And trees are treasured for their fruit.  
A gourd can spring up in the night,  
But withers in the morning's light.

Thinkest thou that yonder apple tree,  
Drooping beneath its golden store,  
Cares whether young Posterity  
Will laud it, or its loss deplore?  
An instrument in hands divine—  
It works its instinct—work thou thine!

Homer and Shakespeare plied their pen—  
They cared not for the fleeting crowd;  
They labored for their fellow-men,  
And laid down smiling in their shroud.  
Impatient fools! their dust is now  
More honored than a living brow.

## EULA CLIVE;

OR,

## THE OLD WHITE PARSONAGE.

BY ARA GRAY.

(Written for Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.)

### CHAPTER I.

It was a lovely spot! The large, smooth, shaven lawn, studded by symmetrical trees and shrubs, the grotesquely fashioned beds whose bloomed rare and lovely flowers. Behind the old white parsonage was a large garden sedulously cultivated, the trees and shrubs kept trimmed, as they were on many years before, in the most fantastic shapes. Arches, over which trailed graceful creepers, some of them a peculiar, small-leaved and very beautiful ivy. At intervals in the high hedge which bounded the garden rose proud holly trees, so that in winter as well as summer the place was beautiful, with its evergreen shrubs, ivy and the scarlet holly berries gleaming from out the fairy frostwork.

There was a small conservatory one side of the house; on the other a new wing had been added for the good pastor's study. It had four windows, each commanding a separate and delightful prospect.

Parson Clive was a widower, and would have been childless in his old age but for the gentle Eula, a sweet, merry, flitting thing, innocent and guileless as the birds she tended, and who sang no sweeter melody than she.

Eula was not the child of Parson Clive, though his love for her equaled that of a parent. The old parsonage would have been but a dreary place without her, though Mrs. Whinney, the housekeeper, a steady woman of forty, often reproved our gleeful sprite in tones of severity for her "foolery," as she termed Eula's innocent mirth.

There used to be a dove-eyed old lady in Mrs. Whinney's place, Mary Wand, whose gentle tones, never raised in anger, proved the meek, quiet spirit within. She had suffered much in early life, and when at last a home was found with the minister's wife she never left the parsonage till the knell tolled her passing away to a green mound in the churchyard, whither, after a few months, her mistress was carried from the weeping child and sorrowing husband.

Parson Clive could not do without a housekeeper, so the buxom widow Whinney overruled the vacant seat, accepting the post of supervisor extraordinary with much willingness, it being the next best thing to an establishment of her own.

Enter the house and see how some fairy has been at work. In the study are vases of the freshest flowers, from whose petals the morning dew has not been shaken. What a delicious perfume they shed. The books are carefully arranged, the writing-table always just as he leaves it, but by some light hand freed from every particle of dust. His easy chair, drawn up to an open window, with the delicate anti-macassar of feminine workmanship—dainty slippers wrought by the same nimble fingers—the embroidered dressing-gown—do these breathe of Mrs. Whinney?

Here are the pretty parlors, back and front, filled with mementos of the dead wife and tokens of Eula's presence, ever sweet and fresh to look upon.

Eula's bed-room, the coziest of sanctuaries, opening into a tiny dressing-room, just large enough for the convenience of her slender form.

Light, dancing tendrils of many a creeper find their way in at the open windows, and the birdcages hanging outside hold songsters whose music is worth more to Eula than the notes of any gold paid castratist. The piazza which runs round the house is a perfect paradise of birds and flowers, and Eula is the genius of this rustic fairy land.

"Come, sing to me, birdie," said the minister, fondly stroking the glossy raven curls.

It was evening, and they were seated together in the front parlor, which boasted a piano and harp.

"What shall I sing?" she asked.

"Anything, Eula. I feel sad to-night. Your voice may cheer me."

So the fair girl seated herself at the harp, and after an impromptu prelude sang "The Last Rose of Summer," in tones of plaintive, thrilling melody.

"You are my song bird," said he, when she had finished; "I would rather hear my Eula sing than the most gifted prima donna the world contains."

Eula blushed with delight. "Ah, father," she said, rising and seating herself again by his knee, "you cannot love to listen more than I to sing; and I am so glad it gives you pleasure. I would not lose my voice for the world."

The very birds stopped their warbling to listen when Eula sang. Her only instructor was parson Clive, who, besides being a man of polished manners and education, was a fine musician, and his chief pleasure was derived from Eula's rapid progress in the art. While very young he discovered that she possessed a wonderful voice, and as she grew towards womanhood her acutely sensitive nature so sharpened her musical faculties that every feeling, every emotion, thrilled in the faultless notes. Thus Eula had passed sixteen happy years. She was a year old baby when first the wondering, limpid eyes lighted upon the parsonage. Modest and timid as a fawn, yet dignified and womanly at times. Almost unconscious of her rare beauty, one day she started at seeing so lovely a reflection in the sparkling water.

And all this time Eula had not felt lonely. Never having known other love than that of her guardian, she had not felt the want of any.

The young ladies all admired, and not a few envied the sweet maiden who occupied the first place in the choir. She loved many

of the village girls, but among them all found no companionship. Her excessive timidity was pronounced by some, while others said she was affable as a dove. Yet, as I observed, there were none who could be sister or friend to Eula. They were close to Hutton woods; and there she used to wander among the trees and flowers, forming sweet companionship. Happy Eula!

Dream on yet awhile, young maiden. Weave thy sweet fancies, aided by the entrancing loveliness of nature. Let the soft song of the rivulet lull thee away to forgetfulness of all, save thy pleasant imaginings. Dream and wake. The feeling will come at last. Then the fair stream of this existence will be troubled. Reality will come at last. Rough winds will toss thee. Alas! that it should be so. I think there are few finer studies than the heart of a pure, unsophisticated girl. The striving between girlhood and womanhood—the fresh, ardent impulsiveness of the one, with the deep, earnest feelings of a woman's nature—climbing up steep slopes of holy thought, rugged they may be, but none the less stepping-stones to glory. The dim, mysterious yearning for an unknown something, that a sudden unveiling shall reveal into exquisite happiness, or wearing, blighting woe. And this is love; not always easily flowing, as we shall see.

### CHAPTER II.

HATTONVILLE is a pleasant village in Essex, about ten miles from Malden, which is situated at the mouth of the river Chelmer.

The principal residence in Huttonville, indeed the only mansion, is Hutton Hall; a large, old-fashioned structure, built after the Elizabethan style; turrets and gables without number. The stone walls undefaced, and their embellishments wearing no traces of time, but their dark gray hue and the ivy which completely covers the back of the building. But the surrounding trees, with their mossy trunks and lofty heads, murmur tales of long ago; when hands now mouldered planted these tiny saplings, whose hereafter pride and glory other eyes were to behold. Here, is a tree, said to have been planted two hundred years ago by Lord Eastbrooke, then a little boy—there, one stunted and gnarled by the explosion of a powder flask, an accident which cost the eldest son his life. I cannot stop to tell the tales which the good villagers know so well of Hutton Hall in its ancient grandeur.

The gardens are laid out in most modern fashion—terraces and fountains, grottoes and avenues—all the beauty of nature and art combined are there. The conservatories are full of the choicest exotics; the hot-houses fragrant with the rarest fruits.

Within the stately mansion there is much even yet which is ancient. The dark, finely carved oak wainscoting and the deep window recesses, almost rooms in themselves, and even tapestried walls. The east side presents much the same appearance it had worn fifty years before; almost as fresh as then looks the old-fashioned needlework wrought by the stately dames that smile always the same from their places on the wall. Grimly from the old family portraits, warriors and statesmen, from time immemorial.

That one with stern haughty look and fiercely flashing eye, dressed in full military costume, is the Hon. Halbert Wilden, youngest son of an earl and cousin to the boy who lost his life while playing with gunpowder on his father's estate. By his side is a beautiful woman, whose face wears an expression of profound melancholy. It is said that she was sacrificed, by family pride, to Halbert Wilden, whom she never loved. Then, there is Clement, his only son, wearing the same proud look. The next, a lovely, golden-haired girl, holding a little boy by the hand. You would scarcely believe she could have been a mother, so youthful her appearance; yet the features are the same, with the exception of a look of scorn about the mouth she is totally wanting in. Next, a man, handsome and stately, once the beautiful boy of a former picture, the gallant Colonel Wilden, and who married the present lady of Hutton Hall, who brought much gold to his coffers, and a large addition of family pride to his name. There are many much older portraits that I cannot mention, neither is it necessary for the interest of my tale to trace the pedigrees further.

Colonel Wilden was killed during a skirmish while with his regiment in India. His will left the estate, with almost fabulous riches, to his wife, who, soon after his death, gave birth to a son, Paul Wilden, who holds a prominent position in our narrative. At the time my tale commences Paul was twenty-one, just returned from college with honor and the esteem of all who knew him. It is not my purpose to describe him here, my readers will form their own conception of his character as we progress. He intended to travel after a few months of quiet enjoyment at home.

One day while riding, he suddenly bethought him of Parson Clive, for whom he had a letter which he had neglected to deliver from Herbert Moreton, one of his college friends. So, turning his horse, he rode back to the Hall, and having possessed himself of the missive, pursued his way to the parsonage.

"What a pretty place," he thought, as he dismounted at the gate. He usually rode unattended, so tying his horse to a tree, he walked up to the house.

Eula, unobserved, was sitting under a tree on the lawn, reading. "I wonder," thought she, hearing the sound of a horse stopping at the gate, "who it is. Why, I do believe it is Mr. Wilden. Yes, it must be, or if it is not, it must be one of his friends. But he won't find papa in or any one else. I suppose I will go and tell him." So, hat in one hand and book in the other, she advanced to the house.

Paul was examining a beautiful creeper which grew over the lattice at the door. He bowed, as he saw Eula approach.

"Is Mr. Clive at home?" he asked.

"No, sir; but if you will wait awhile, you may see him very soon," she replied, blushing, as she led the way to the parlor.

She looked very beautiful in her simple white robe, with a half opened rosebud in her hair, which floated naturally in curls of the glossiest raven hue.

At least so thought Paul, as he watched her flitting about the room, now replacing a flower which had fallen from its vase, now putting her music together, while he sat vainly wishing they knew each other, that he might be entertained by her conversation, which he felt sure must be delightful.

Eula, nervously afraid of strangers, yet with the most graceful politeness, hoped he would not mind waiting alone; and again tying on her hat, left the room.

Paul felt as if some wonderful brightness had gone, leaving an undefinable gloom.

Soon, from the open window, he saw her again; the graceful shoulders covered by a shawl, and her fair face hidden by the large drooping gipsy hat, crossing the lawn. As she disappeared from view, he exclaimed involuntarily,

"How lovely!"

"I thought the minister was childless," he said, as almost unconsciously he opened a portfolio which lay upon the table by his side.

It contained Eula's drawings. The first was a view of Hutton Hall by moonlight.

Paul thought it the perfection of a landscape. And indeed it was very fine for so young an artist. You could almost see the moonbeams playing on the lake—even the tiny ripples seemed to move perceptibly as you gazed. Part of the building was in the shade; the Night Queen seemed to be gliding away beneath a darkly magnificent cloud, leaving a portion obscured, while the remainder was nearly radiant in the full gleam of her light. Then you could almost see the shadows creeping over the weird turrets, and the fitful beams, glancing upon the deer at rest beneath the trees in the park. "I wonder from whence this was taken, and by whom?" he thought. Then, happening to glance beneath the drawing, he read, "Eula Clive," in small printed characters.

Astonished at her talent, he was examining some of the others, when the door opened, and Eula again appeared. She blushed deeply when she saw his occupation.

"Miss Clive," said he, rising, "I will, with your permission, leave this letter with you; and," he continued, slowly, almost hesitatingly, "shall, if you permit me, call again."

While Paul was speaking the color came and went on her cheek like the flushing and paling of the water-lily in the red glow of sunset.

So, with a profound bow, he left.

And Eula, when he was gone, gazed, almost wistfully, from the window. A long time she stood there, thinking, probably, of the musical voice and deep, earnest eyes of the unknown visitor, for whom she felt a sudden respect—must I say it?—even a certain admiration. Yes, our susceptible little Eula was, to say the least, favorably impressed by first appearances.

She was startled from her reverie by Mrs. Whinney, who, with a large basket on her arm, had just returned from market, with their only servant, a bright-looking country girl.

"Eula, child, wake up! Dreaming there, with your great eyes

staring at nothing! Come and help me gather strawberries, please it'll wake you a little."

"Oh, is that you, Mrs. Whinney?" said Eula, starting, and not much pleased at the interruption.

"What should it be? Why, what's the matter? Come, come along, child, come! I'm late home, and I want the berries for dessert."

So down the garden trudged fat Mrs. Whinney, followed by Eula, and almost as many leaves as berries did the fair dresser thrush into the basket.

"Bless my heart! I declare it's enough to make a saint swear, that's it! You good for—"

"Mrs. Whinney," said Eula, coloring indignantly, and also vexed at her mistake, "you shall not speak to me so. When you are more respectful I will do as you wish me, and not till then." And, rising from the strawberry bed, she walked slowly away.

"Well, I declare! If she isn't a stuck-up little piece of goods, then I'm mistaken!" said the dame, picking as fast as she could. "Oh, here's the parson; I'll give him a hint or two, if my name's Whinney!"

"Are you only just back, Mrs. Whinney?"

"That's all, sir. And I suppose you're ready for dinner. I asked Miss Eula if she'd help me gather the fruit, and she came; but goodness me, look there, sir!"

"Why, you appear to have more leaves than berries there," said he, smiling.

"Yes, that's it! She's in a brown study about something—she's dreaming, with her eyes looking as if they saw something mighty pleasant. She ought to be busy about the house more, sir, instead of spending all her time by the river and in the woods, perched up in a tree like a squirrel. I'd make a housekeeper of her if she was under my care. A pretty wife she'd make!"

Almost out of breath, she looked up to see the effect of her words. But the good minister had vanished noiselessly, and now stood in an arbor watching her comical surprise and indignation with infinite amusement.

"That's politeness—and a minister, too! If ever I got a chance I'd pay him out!" And from the arbor issued a resolve that she never should.

"I wonder who that was! I'm sure I heard some one speaking. Fancy, I suppose," as she relapsed into the strawberry bed.

"Mrs. Whinney!"

"Oh, it's you, sir; yes."

"What was Eula crying for just now?"

"I didn't know she was. The same thing as made her pick leaves, I suppose," she answered, shortly.

"Oh!" and away went the gentleman, smiling to himself at his housekeeper's anger.

When the minister went in, Eula was happy and smiling as ever. She had set the dinner-table herself, and was now waiting for him.

### CHAPTER III.

I MUST transport my readers to London for a while, where I will introduce them to some new characters.

Up the marble steps of an aristocratic mansion in Belgrave square, and into the hall, where, equipped for a drive, sits Constance Denbigh, impatiently waiting for her mother and sister, who are usually behind her in their toilette.

At length she starts from her seat, and, running up-stairs, soon stands at the door of her mother's dressing-room.

"O, mamma, be quick! The trunks are all ready packed in the hall, the carriage is waiting, and I am, too," she cried, out of breath.

"Why, Constance," said Lady Mary, with the most provoking calmness, "what makes you so impatient? I shall not hurry, I assure you. Janet," turning to her maid, "have you seen to my jewel-case? Are you sure it is safely packed?"

"Quite sure, my lady; I put it just where you told me."

"Oh, when shall you be ready, mamma? I do hate to be dressed so long before we start! I'll go and hasten Clara."

"Clara is waiting," said a voice behind her. And looking back, Constance saw her sister arrayed with great care in a travelling dress, that she (Constance) thought decidedly too elaborate for their journey.

"You have taken great pains with your toilette, it seems to me," she remarked, coolly surveying the graceful figure before her; "I shall make you a capital foil."

"Don't be so sarcastic, Constance. You are so handsome that you look well in anything."

"Oh, now, there are no compliments in this direction, so pray don't fish for any. Wait till we get to Huttonville," said Constance, playfully patting her sister's cheek.

They were as unlike as it is possible for sisters to be. Clara, the eldest, was of tall and graceful figure, complexion very dark, her clear, hair intensely black. She was not beautiful, nor even attractive. There was an expression of glittering hardness in her eyes that were dark and piercing. Her mouth, too, lacked the flexible beauty of woman's expression. It was usually firmly compressed, and her smile dubious, almost sinister. It would not satisfy you. You would fancy that something lurked beneath.

Such was Clara Denbigh.

Constance, her antipodes, was scarcely so tall as her sister. Slight and delicately formed, with a face that cannot be described, so changeable its expression, so full of dancing mirth, her deep blue eyes, yet limpid and soft. The little mouth, around which ever varying smiles caressed the dimples that nestles in the soft bloom of her cheek. A being to be loved was Constance, warm and affectionate in disposition, open and honest to such a degree that her sister had to build an additional wall of reserve as a counterbalance.

And now for the secret of her impatience. Constance had been emancipated from boarding-school thralldom but a year since. The principal of Clifdale Seminary was a widow lady. She had been brought up in Paris, married a Frenchman, and returned to her native country a widow at thirty-four, with an only daughter, a sweet, bright little girl of ten. Her pupils were all aristocrats, her mode of education decidedly so. And she flattered herself that so establishment in England could boast a more efficient corps of teachers than these engaged by a lady of such penetration as herself.

It was sufficient for Lady Mary Denbigh to know that Clara had returned accomplished and well-bred, with all necessary haughty, and that the daughters of Lord Portland were finishing their education there. She cared for nothing else. As for morals, she supposed they were good enough. There was nothing objectionable in any of the young ladies Madam La Tour sent forth into the world, though, certainly, the Hon. Emily Brownlow did run away with her groom. Then there was the name, "La Tour!" So Constance went to be completed. Now Clifdale was within two miles of Oxford, and the young ladies in their walks frequently met parties of the collegians, most of them gay devotees of fashion, and many were the flirtations carried on by the more forward and sentimental misses, in spite of the vigilance of Miss Foxglove, to whom, on account of the severity of her morals and addidly of disposition, madam entrusted the young pedestrians every day at two p.m.

But I must speak chiefly of Constance. The natural sweetness of her temper, together with redundant spirits, made her a general favorite, and she soon found that her great good-nature subjected her to teadym. But of that more anon.

Let us enter the retirement of two Oxonians.

In a large and elegantly furnished apartment were seated the friends, engaged in earnest conversation.

"But, my good fellow, it may not be so bad as you imagine," said one, a noble brewer, fine-looking young man, to his companion, who was gazing abstractedly upon an open letter which lay on the table, without seeming to read its contents.

"Ah! Paul, there is no room for doubt. See, there is the paragraph from the newspaper, announcing my father's failure," and he handed it with the letter to his friend, who perused them attentively, and then returning them, said hopefully,

"Well, Herbert, your father bears up like a man. Be yourself a noble fellow—and less of fortune will increase your worth instead of lowering it."

"Others will not think as you do," he replied. "But it is useless and foolish to trouble you with my gloom and repining. Think no more of it, Paul," saying this, he rose, and paced the room nervously.

Paul Wilden went and laid his hand on his friend's arm. "Herbert," said he impressively, "remember I am always your true friend to advise and help cordially. Do you hear?"

Herbert smiled, while the honest, manly tears started to his eyes, so mournful in their expression.

"I care not for myself," he said, sadly. "To my mother and sisters the blow is much greater. I cannot endure that they should



know the hardness and misery of poverty. Minn already speaks of teaching," and he groaned in his agony.

"Now, my dear fellow," said Paul, scarcely knowing what to say, "do read her letter again. See how bravely and cheerfully she writes! I for one shall think as much of Minn Moreton, when a teacher, as I do now." "More," he added, "and so will her noble-hearted lover, or I am mistaken. Charles Tinley is not the man to cool his love at fortune's changes, depend upon it."

"You confound me, Paul; but they must not teach. I will leave college and labor for them."

Paul started. "That will not do," said he. "Consider, Moreton, what damage that would be to you. Better let Minn teach—better finish your studies—so much the more chance you will have of helping them afterwards."

Soon after this conversation, or rather not many days after the news of Herbert's misfortune, Moreton, who now had to teach in order to support himself during the remainder of his time at college, was engaged as teacher of elocution at Cliffdale Seminary.

Here he first met Constance, the sweetest and most amiable of his pupils, as he thought.

Herbert was handsome, courtly in his manner, and had a very musical voice.

Constance, in listening to his deep, clear tones, felt such an interest in him as she had never before experienced for "any gentleman," as she said to herself, one day. "Besides, he is Paul Wilden's most intimate friend, whom I know very well. That's a capital chance of speaking to him," and she blushed as she thought, "Perhaps he will think me forward."

But Herbert did not think so when the next time he attended the class, she said in a sweet, tremulous voice,

"Mr. Moreton, will you give this to Paul—Mr. Wilden I mean," presenting a small folded note.

He took it, replying politely, but he felt an uneasy sensation at the idea of Constance Denbigh sending a note to Paul, and blushing so when she handed it to him.

"Mind the precipice!" whispered something.

But he did not mind it; and it was with no small trepidation that he placed the little paper in his friend's hand.

"From Constance! Little Constance, I declare!" said Paul, with a smile.

Herbert colored with vexation.

"Why, Moreton, what's the matter, man?" asked Paul. "Are you in love with the little witch? Don't be jealous of me if you are."

Herbert was about to reply indignantly, when Paul stopped him with—

"See here!"

"DEAN PAUL—Don't forget the supperless to-night."

"CONSTANCE."

"Well thought, Constance, I should have forgotten the supperless," laughed he.

"What on earth is the meaning of it?" asked Moreton, laughing in spite of himself.

"Meaning? Why, that old she wolf, Madame La Tour, leaves the espionage of the boarders' table to Miss Foxglove (the Jezebel), who for the least thing, and sometimes for nothing, sends the girls to bed supperless, which isn't very agreeable."

"Well."

"Well, and so I, Paul Wilden, have, on several occasions, at Constance's instigation, scaled La Tour's garden wall, and presented a waiting fair one with a goodly supper—as the girls think—from the confectioner's. As yet we are undetected. Constance's quite a favorite of mine; what do you think of her?"

"Who? Miss Denbigh?"

"Yes; now confess that you are smitten, and you shall take the confections to-night. Constance and I are by no means lovers, as is perfectly natural, seeing our respective parents have set their hearts on uniting us."

In short, Herbert went, and the waiting fair one blushed in much confusion when she identified her visitor. But he was welcome, nevertheless. When Constance stole into the house laden with the delicacies she had just received, she was met in the hall by Miss Goosequill's half boarder, and as the girls more than half suspected, a spy of Miss Foxglove's, on whom she dined attendance at all hours, and so obviously that at length she obtained the lady's entire confidence (such as it was).

"Oh, is that you, Miss Denbigh?" said the toady, smiling sweetly, in hopes of snaring the treat which she already enjoyed in anticipation. "I thought you were in bed long ago."

"Indeed!" said Constance, coolly.

"Yes," said she, speaking very quickly; "Miss Foxglove sent me up-stairs to see if everything was right, and not finding you there told me to look for you in the garden. I had almost feared you had gone off with Mr. Moreton."

"Then how could you think I was in bed?" asked Constance, astonished at the girl's life and impudence. "You are not sufficiently disreputable in your speech to lie successfully, and for the future do not insult me by any such remarks." Saying this she turned and walked proudly up-stairs.

"I'll know what she has there, the minx," muttered the lynx, as she crept up softly after her.

Just as Constance closed and bolted her door she applied her eye to the keyhole, saw the young lady spread the clean white counterpane on the floor, then place the eatables, preserves, cakes and pies upon it, then go to a drawer and taking out some lemonade powders place them with a tumbler by the rest. Then, anticipating the next movement, Goosequill stepped into the shade of a turning in the passage.

Constance stole noiselessly out, and leaving the door unfastened glided into another room. Then the spy slid through the half-opened door and secreted herself under the bed.

Soon Constance returned with a dozen others, all in their night gear, and apparently highly amused.

"So she's spying to-night, is she?"

"Only let me catch her!"

"I should like to gag her with a good-sized cake," said Constance.

"She's an abominable mean-spirited cringer," said Constance.

"The ideal! I should like to know how she dared to speak to me so. Before I cut her off she was as smooth as velvet, and then—"

"Oh, I knew her of old before you came here, Constance," said her cousin and room-mate, Nettie Brownlowe—sister to the bride of the groom—taking a tartlet. "She's Foxglove's factotum. I don't know what she'd do without her."

In a state of the highest fermentation the abused Goosequill wriggled and groaned inwardly from her ambush. By raising the valence a little she could see the girls enjoying themselves, and this added to her chagrin, for by staying there she lost her supper down stairs.

At length the quick, bright eyes of Constance discovered the valence violently agitated as if by something under the bed. Instantly she started up, and raising it disclosed to the expectant girls the form of Miss Goosequill, curled up with a vain attempt at concealment. They knew her directly, and with one accord dragged the spy from her ambush.

"You want some supper, don't you? Well, you shall have plenty," and stuffing her sleeves, bosom and pocket with cake and refuse fruit pie, and dabbing her well with streaks of jam, then respectfully invited her to depart.

"Not yet," cried Constance. "Girls, I propose making an example of her; that is, a further example," smiling as she looked at Goosequill. "Hold her, girls."

They did so, and dipping her forefinger in red currant jam, Constance helped her to decorate her forehead with the word "SPY," in large letters.

"That's right; she's written the truth now if she never did before," said they.

"Now," said Constance, "you may go; and opening the door they slightly impelled her by a gentle push. "Now, then, let us to bed," said Constance. "Good night."

The next morning, while at breakfast, a paper was handed to Madame, signed by all the girls except Goosequill. It ran thus:

MADAME—We hereby lodge a complaint against two bipes now at large in this admirable seminary.

This is to certify, that we, the undersigned, having found the said bipes obnoxious to the persons and peace of our dutiful pupils, have determined that you shall expel them forthwith.

You, therefore, in accordance with our express desire, will dismiss from said seminary, Catalina Foxglove and Ursula, (which being interpreted, is little she bear) Goosequill, said Goosequill having with her own quill signed her confession on her guilty forehead.

We, the undersigned, beg to return our cordial thanks for

Madame's past kindnesses, and to assure her that falling to comply with the above request, she will fail to retain her pupils, while, by granting the same, she will insure the future adherence, good will and respect of—

Then followed all the names, with Constance Denbigh at the head. With a gesture of the most profound astonishment, Madame pushed the paper from her, raised her eyes to the ceiling, then directed them to her daughter, a fine young lady of sixteen.

"O, mamma," said she, after reading the paper and laughing immoderately, "do send them away; if you knew what pests they are! Ah! and besides I know they won't stay if Foxglove and Goosequill do. Horrid things."

In short, they received their dismissal, and peace began to dawn on the seminary at Cliffdale.

Madame had received instructions from Lady Mary to grant Mr. Wilden the society of Constance, whenever solicited, and taking advantage of this, Paul took Constance many a delightful walk, accompanied by Herbert, and he always contrived to leave them on some pretext. Do you wonder, then, that they grew to love each other?—I do not, and yet neither knew it. But all pleasant things must come to an end, and so did these sweet-stolen interviews.

At length Constance left school a finished young lady; and Herbert's struggles with the world began. Having joined his family, he removed with them to Malden, where the young lawyer hoped to build a practice. Herbert had sent to Parson Clive, by Paul, acquainting him of his intentions, and very glad was the minister to welcome them at the Parsonage on their way to Malden.

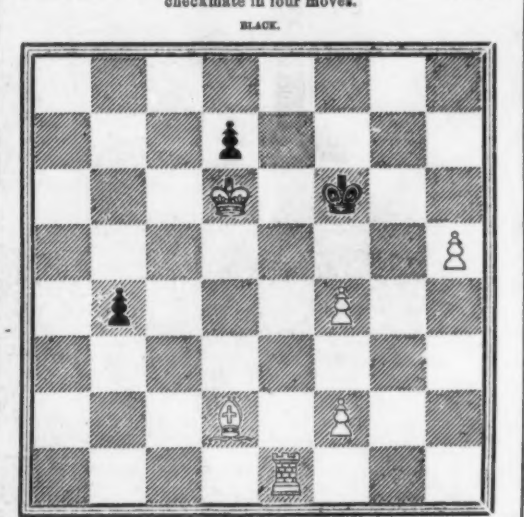
Herbert had been the minister's pupil; hence his love for him. They were without an organist at the church, he said, and Herbert accepted the offer, spending every sabbath with his beloved tutor. This accounted for the impatience of Constance.

(To be continued.)

## CHESS.

All communications and newspapers intended for the Chess Department should be addressed to T. F. Fries, the Chess Editor, Box 2406, N. Y. P. O.

PROBLEM NO. 238.—By "INCognito," Boston. White to play and checkmate in four moves.



GAME played in the Tournament at Birmingham, between STANTON and LOWENTHAL, with notes by Mr. LOWENTHAL:

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Mr. S.	Mr. L.	Mr. S.	Mr. L.
1 P to Q4	P to K4	34 P to QKt5	B to QKt2
2 Kt to Q3	Kt to K3	35 P to Q3	P to K4
3 P to K3 (a)	P to Q4 (b)	36 R to K3	P to K5
4 Q to K3 (c)	P to Q4 (d)	37 Kt to K R sq	Q to K2
5 Kt to Q5	Kt to Q3	38 P to Q R4	Q to K2
6 Kt to K2	P to Q3	39 P to Q2	B to R4
7 Kt to K Kt3	B to K3	40 P to Q2	P to K4
8 P to Q3	B to Q4	41 Q to K3	P to K6
9 Q to P (e)	B to Q2 (f)	42 Q to Q sq	Q to K2
10 Q to K Kt3 (g)	Castles	43 P to K Kt3	P to K5
11 Kt to Kt (h)	Q to Kt	44 R to K3	P to K2
12 B to K2	Q to K R5 (h)	45 R to K3	P to Q4
13 B to K R3	Q R to Q Kt sq	46 P to K3	Q to K Kt4 (ch)
14 Q to Q3	B to Q2	47 Kt to K Kt3	B to P
15 B to Kt	B to B	48 B to Q B sq	Q to K4
16 P to K4 (i)	P to B4	49 P to B2	P to B5
17 Castles (k)	P to P	50 B to K2	Q to K Kt4
18 Q to Q2	R to K B5	51 B to Q4	B to K Kt3
19 P to Q Kt3	Q R to K B sq	52 Q to Q2	Q to K B5
20 B to Kt3	Q R to K B3	53 Kt to K R5	P to Q B6 (m)
21 P to K R sq	Q R to K R sq	54 B to P	Q to K Kt4 (ch)
22 P to K R3	Q R to K B3	55 Kt to Kt3	B to R
23 R to K3	B to Q4	56 Q to K3	R to K B6
24 Q to Q sq	Q to K R3	57 P to K5	R to P
25 Q to K2	Q to K Kt3	58 B to K5	R to Q6
26 B to Q B sq	K R to K B5	59 Kt to B5	P to K6
27 R to K sq	Q R to K B5	60 P to Q5	R to K6 (ch)
28 Kt to K B3	R to K B6	61 Kt to Q4	P to Q7
29 Kt to Kt3 (j)	B to K	62 K to R2	P to K7
30 Q to P	Q to K2	63 Kt to P	R to Q7
31 R to K2	R to K B5	64 B to Q Kt3	R to Kt (ch)
32 B to Q Kt2	Q to K Kt3	65 K to Kt3	R to Q Kt7
33 P to Q Kt4	B to Q Kt3		

(a) The inefficiency of this move, at this point, has been fully demonstrated, for it allows the second player speedily to develop his game, whilst that of the first player remains for a long time cramped.

(b) This is the correct play here, and gives Black a capital opening.

(c) It is difficult to decide what move is the best at this moment; if White play 4 Kt to Q5, Black, by exchanging, obtains a superior game; if 4 Kt to K2, Black replies with P to Q4, with the better opening; again if 4 P to Q3, 4 B to Kt3, 5 Q to Kt3, 6 P to Kt3, 7 P to Q4, 8 P to Q4, 9 P to Kt3, Black having much the stronger game, since White's Pawns on the Q B's file are both weak and unsupported.

(d) The best move at this juncture.

(e) This move gains, it is true, the obvious advantage of a Pawn, but considering that White's Queen is rendered for a long time inactive, White would have exercised sounder judgment in declining the proffered Pawn.

(f) R to Q B sq would not have been good play. White would have advantageously replied with P to Q Kt4.

(g) Kt to Kt (ch) would have been bad play (z. p.):

10 Kt to Kt (ch) P to Kt 11 Q to Q Kt3 (best) P to K B4 with much the better game.

(h) An important move, threatening the advance of the K B P with effect. The Black Queen now occupies a strong and attacking position.

(i) White probably played this move for the purpose of preventing Black's contemplated advance of P to K B4. On principle, White's move is a bad one, as the Q's Pawn is thereby left weak and unsupported; besides the object for which the move was made is not attained, as will be seen anon.

(j) Taking the K R P with either Kt or Pawn would have been injudicious.

(k) This was in a manner compelled, as Black threatened K R to R P, &c.

(l) The speediest mode of deciding the contest.

## THE SLOOP MURDER.

Trial of Albert W. Hicks, alias Wm. Johnson.

We gave such full particulars in our paper of the 7th of April, when we illustrated the singular affair, that we have now merely to give a synopsis of the trial of the presumed culprit, which commenced on the 14th of May. The prosecution was conducted with great ability and candor, and Judge Smalley, who presided, displayed his usual impartiality and patience. The evidence established beyond a doubt the identity of Hicks with the man engaged by Captain Burr. This was done by nine witnesses—the partner of Burr, the men in New Jersey, those who saw him land in Staten Island, and the deck hand who counted his money. The bag in which the money was found in Hicks's possession was sworn to, and the inability of the prisoner to prove how he became possessed of so large a sum was conclusive. The watch of the murdered man was also found on him, and sworn to by the watchmaker and others.

The defence was purely technical. We question if ever a stronger case of circumstantial evidence ever came before a court of law. We, of course, know that there have been instances where the most dovetailed and converging facts have proved a fallacy, but there is one point in the present case which is conclusive—the inability of Hicks to prove his whereabouts from the hour the sloop sailed to the day he reappeared in Cedar street.

The District Attorney, Judge Roosevelt and Mr. Dwight for the State, and Messrs. Sayles and Graves for the prisoner.

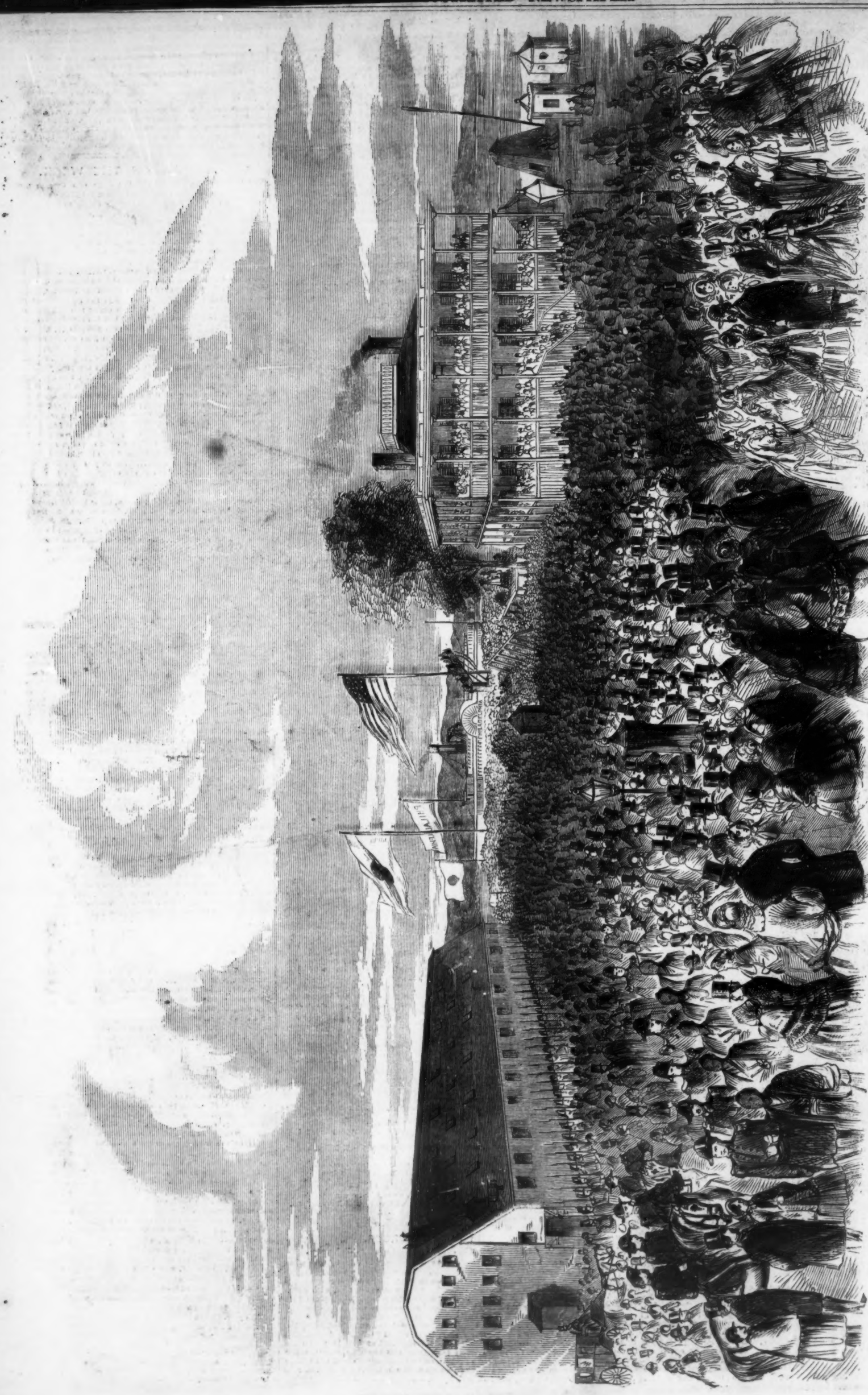
On the 19th, Judge Smalley summed up in a very able and conclusive manner. The jury then retired, and after an absence of seven minutes returned with a verdict of *GUILTY*. The prisoner received the announcement without any signs of emotion. His counsel applied for and obtained time till Wednesday to file a motion in arrest of judgment.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

We mentioned in our last the violent death of a German named Francis Garber, who fell out of a five story window in 184 Eldridge street. Some facts came out on the Coroner's inquest which appear to implicate the woman, Geo. Nellinger testifying that he saw the man hanging to the window sill and some person striking his hands to make him drop. What object the woman could have had to murder the man is unknown, since he was a perfect stranger to her, and had done her a service by protecting her from some rowdies in the streets. The verdict was, "Death from injuries, caused by being thrust out of a window, and we believe that Emma Miller is implicated either as principal or accessory." G. W. Burr, of Broadway, has many specimens of Japanese coins at his store—one of them, a hundred dollar gold coin, is about the size of a decent sized platter. More arrests have been made of persons implicated in the land warrant forgeries. It almost causes a smile to hear that these daring rascals actually sold some of Mr. Cutting's real estate without paying him the compliment of consulting him either as to the price or the disposal of the proceeds. A. Mr. Vickers, an Englishman, arrived some short time ago from the old country with about five hundred dollars, which he left in the hands of Duncan, Sherman & Co. He was persuaded by a "kind" friend, Butler, to put it into his savings bank, but instead of doing what he promised he put the money in his own pocket. He had him arrested and lodged in the Tombs, but was also, to his great surprise, taken into custody and imprisoned in the House of Detention as a witness. The body of the son of Silas Stillwell has been found. It was not far from the spot where his boat capsized, and was covered with weeds. An amusing case, which the *Daily News* says would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to decide, has lately occurred in Long Island. A farmer purchased a load of hay and paid for it. Just as he was going to unload it in his farm-yard, an unwieldy Irishman crept out of it and walked off. The question is to whom does he belong, as he has been bought and paid for? All flesh is grass, says the proverb. The body of Miss Roosevelt, whose mysterious death some six weeks ago was commented on by the local press, has been exhumed. It is currently stated that she was poisoned. The carrying of deadly weapons ready loaded for murder must be stopped. On Thursday, two men, named McCabe and McGovern, under the influence of liquor, drew their revolvers and fired at each other. One paper states that it was McCabe who fired and that McGovern was not to blame. An example ought to be made of such murderous ruffians. The lives of passers-by are at the mercy of every drunken scoundrel. A daring attempt was made on the 18th, to set fire to the buildings at the corner of Grand and Crosby streets. They were to be vacated the next day in order to be pulled down for a marble store. The police are on the track. An abandoned vessel has been found off Baltimore. She was, no doubt, a slaver. The slave trade is in a very flourishing condition. We are told that they are chiefly fitted out at New York, Boston, Salem or other anti-slavery ports. The maulers of Rochester have struck for higher wages. As their demand is only one shilling a day, it will be, no doubt, acceded to. Labor is too low, but an abortive strike, like a suppressed insurrection, always ends in greater oppression to the poor. A Mass-meeting was held in Philadelphia on the 10th, to endorse Bell and Everett. There was much enthusiasm, speech-making and predictions of success. The married and single men played cricket at Hoboken on the 18th. The bachelors triumphed. The deteriorating effects of marriage were made palpable by the fact that the Benedicts only made ninety-six in their two innings while the bachelors made ninety-five in their first innings. The wives of the defeated looked daggers at their crest-fallen spouses. We trust they will receive the consolation of Caudle. About two o'clock on Friday a fire in Pierson's kindling-wood establishment, Brooklyn, burst, and threw the boiler against the end of a small two story frame dwelling with such violence, that it knocked out one end of the building. Several persons were much injured. The law respecting the inspection of these boilers ought to be very stringently enforced. Sergeant Waddy, of the Sanitary police, reports that fifty complaints against auksanes are made every day. Mr. Fordham, of Ludlow street, was run over by a couple of reckless men who were driving a wagon in East Broadway. It is feared that the injuries will be fatal. One of the culprits has been arrested. A severe punishment ought to be dealt to these men. They are as criminal as though they murdered him with a bludgeon. A number of Scandinavians had a picnic on the 18th, at Jones's Wood. It was to celebrate the Free Constitution of Norway. After a sumptuous dinner a ball was given, and kept up with great spirit for several hours. Mayor Lincoln has invited the Japanese to visit Boston. No time has yet been named for it. The mate of the *Cleora*, recently shipwrecked off the Bahamas, saved his life by catching hold of the leg of a pig, which swam ashore with him. The Boston *Transcript*, with a levity unworthy so grave a city, says this was a curious way of saving his bacon. The two women who were with Virginia Stewart when she was murdered have been released from the House of Detention in White street, and have gone South. This system of imprisoning witnesses is a most infamous outrage upon personal liberty, more especially when a criminal with friends and money, as MacDonald had, can postpone his trial. Mr. Perry, the actor, was much hurt lately, in San Francisco, during the performance of a play called "A Poor Young Man." The hero has a leap from a tower supposed to be a hundred feet high, but which is in reality only about six feet. Poor Perry, however, missed, and fell on his head. Ex-President and Mrs. Franklin Pierce, paid a visit to Fernando Wood the other day. He has been staying at the Astor House, and will depart for New Hampshire in a few days. A very melancholy case has lately occurred in Jersey City. A lad, aged about fourteen, was falsely accused of some vindictive man of acting improperly towards some children. It had such an effect upon the poor youth that he took to his bed and died of a broken heart. The accusation appears to have been made in consequence of a quarrel he had with the boy's parent. If the man has any conscience the memory of his victim ought to haunt him. Mr. Davidge, the President of the Pacific Steam Company, has written a letter in which he states that if there should by anything deficient in the stock ledger, the friends of the defaulter, should he prove to be one, will make up the amount. It is rumored the amount is large, but it is more rumor. It is very seldom that we come upon a Quibus Curtius, but the *Daily News* has caught one in the shape of a policeman of the First Precinct, who was so disgusted with the Chicago nomination, that he devoted himself of his badge of office, took off his buttons and cleared out. The Right Rev. Bishop Laughlin, administered the right of confirmation on the 18th, in Brooklyn, to about five hundred Catholic youths. This imposing ceremony took place in the church of St. Peter and Paul, Second street, Brooklyn. There is every chance that the watches stolen some time ago in Montreal will be recovered. A man lately gave a woman in charge for robbing him and then decided not to prosecute. During his conversation with the officer he asked where he could dispose of some watches. This led the vigilant detective in conclusion he was the Canadian rogue, so he took measures accordingly and has recovered the greater part of the stolen goods. Mr. Hainright, of the First Ward, well known as a model hotel-keeper, has again been at his operations. The Mayor ordered a hearing at the case the next day, Saturday, but as the two victims failed on the Friday, of course Mr. Hainright got off with his spoils. To the victor belongs the spoils is a good Democratic motto. Mr. Ogden, a wealthy and respected merchant, was fatally injured last week by falling through the hatchway of his own store in South street. He was taken to his residence in Irving place, in a terrible state. On Monday, MacDonald, who was awaiting his trial for shooting Virginia Stewart, last July, committed suicide by taking laudanum and strychnine. He had been in a desponding state for some time, in consequence of the keeper's refusing him the indulgence he formerly received, which allowed him to visit certain houses in New York, in company with an officer. He was in his thirtieth year. When discovered he was quite insensible, and despite every effort to save him, he gradually sank.

The naval forces in the Chinese waters at present are—England, 101 ships of all sizes; France, 72; Russia, 31; Spain, 10, and the United States 31. The immense force of the French and English is occasioned, of course, their war with the Flowery Kingdom.





ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMBOAT PHILADELPHIA FROM NORFOLK, WITH THE JAPANESE AMBASSADORS AND SUITE, AT THE NAVY YARD, WASHINGTON, WHERE THEY WERE RECEIVED, ON THE PART OF THE GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES, BY COMMODORE BUCHANAN AND OTHER NAVAL OFFICERS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 9.





THE JAPANESE SERVANTS UNPACKING THEIR LUGGAGE, CONSISTING OF EIGHTY TONS WEIGHT, IN THE BALL ROOM OF WILLARD'S HOTEL, WASHINGTON, ON MONDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 14TH, 1860.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 10.

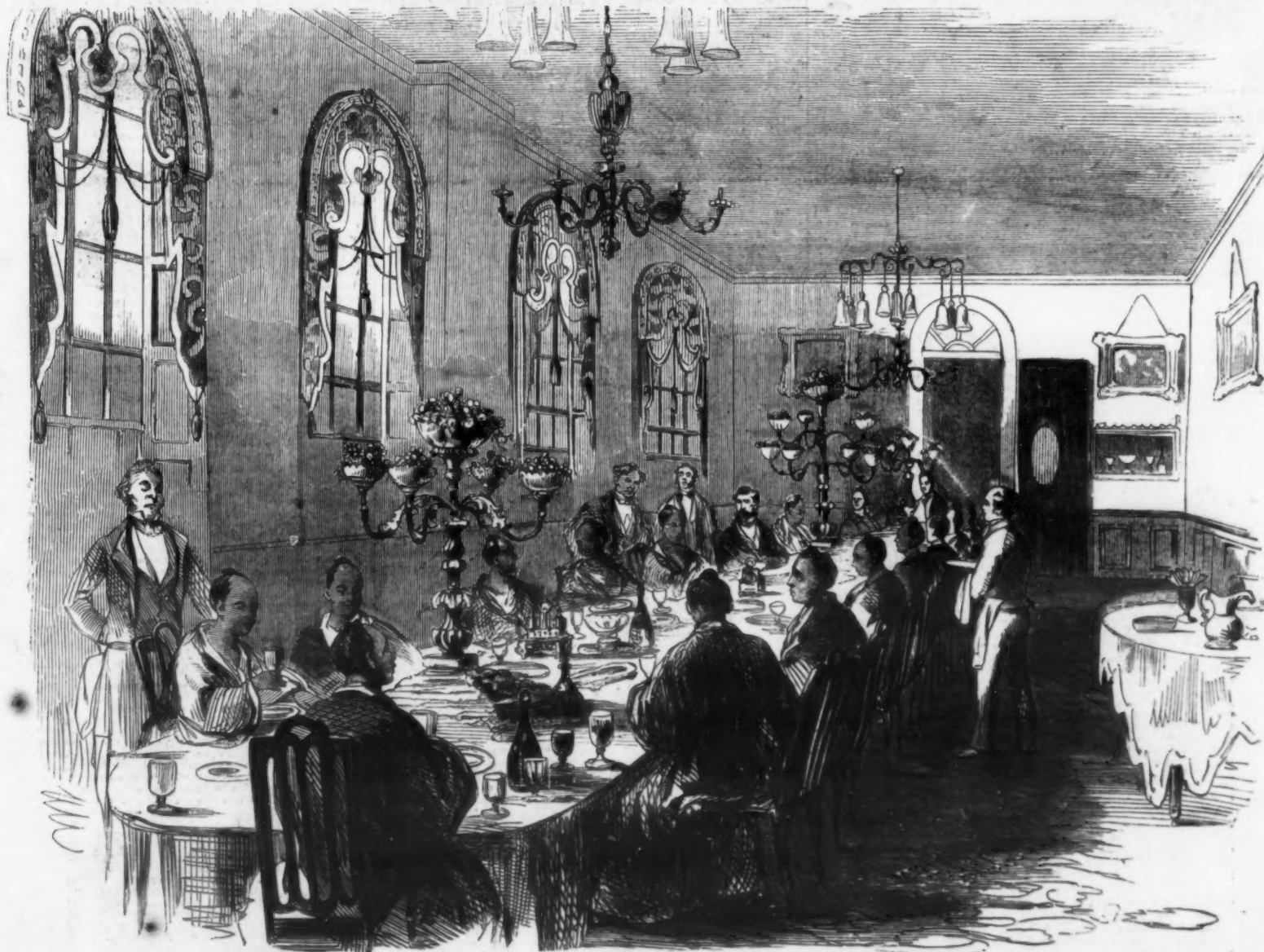
#### THE JAPANESE EMBASSY IN AMERICA.

In our last we related the progress of this most interesting Embassy from Yeddo to its arrival at the Navy Yard, Washington. We have now received sketches from the special artists we dispatched to the Federal capital, illustrating the most interesting incidents of their visit to the seat of government, some of which we now present to the public.

#### Reception of the Japanese at the Navy Yard.

When it was learned at Washington that the Roanoke had positively arrived at Hampton Roads, the Japanese excitement stood up one hundred per cent. In anticipation of the event, the Navy Yard had for a fortnight previous been thoroughly cleaned and renovated, and presented a fine appearance. The Japanese flag had been mounted, walks laid, and everything arranged in "apple pie order." As the steamer drew up to the wharf at

twenty minutes before twelve, the expectant multitude were gratified by hearing from her band the gay strains of "The Star Spangled Banner" and "Hail Columbia," and by seeing several Japanese standing on the guards. Among them and in all the confusion, one, an artist, was busy with his sheets of colored paper as though alone in his studio. At a quarter past twelve the debarkation began, at which time the Mayor and City Council of Washington had arrived, and with them several detachments of marines and of



THE JAPANESE AMBASSADORS TAKING THEIR FIRST DINNER AT WILLARD'S HOTEL, WASHINGTON CITY, ON MONDAY, MAY 14TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 10.



the volunteer companies of the city. The city authorities, accompanied by a number of officers of the navy and army, now walked to the gangway of the steamer, where the Mayor was introduced by Captain Dupont to the Ambassadors and Councilors. The Mayor in a few brief but very appropriate remarks then welcomed the Embassy, to which Shime-bu-jen No-kami replied laconically through the chief interpreter. A salute of seventeen guns was then fired from the Dahlgren battery, and the first Ambassador, arm-in-arm with Captain Dupont, headed the procession, and marched on to the carriages waiting to receive them. Before reaching the vehicles they were, however, again arrested by Commodore Buchanan, who stepping forward welcomed them in the name of the President of the United States and our people. To his compliments the Ambassadors bowed and briefly expressed thanks. After this the procession advanced, each ambassador being escorted by an American officer. The celebrated Nourison, or black lacquered frame-case, shaped like a small house, and containing the treaty box, figured conspicuously in the array. It was borne by two men and jealously watched.

Having reached the end of the walk where the carriages should have been, none were to be found, and the procession was accordingly kept waiting for a quarter of an hour. Finally the vehicles made their appearance. The Japanese and their military friends entered, the military formed a procession preceding them, the escort consisting of the President's Mounted Guard, a detachment of the Marine Band, the Washington Light Infantry, the National Guards and several other companies, the whole presenting a very fine appearance. The attending retinue of the Japanese followed some time after in omnibuses, the treaty case being placed on the roof of one of these vehicles.

#### Arrival of the Japanese Luggage at Willard's Hotel.

After much trouble and delay on the part of the suite, the officers having them in charge assigned them their quarters, and then commenced a scene which no artist could describe—the unpacking of their baggage. Everything was strewn over the floor, without any regard to order or regularity, until they got possession of their charcoal furnaces, when a fire was immediately lighted, and three or four, in groups, were seated on the floor around a furnace, smoking their pipes.

#### The Japanese taking their First Dinner at Willard's.

It is almost needless to say that from the beginning, notwithstanding the notices posted to the effect that "none but the guests of the house are admitted," the Japanese, after arriving at Willard's Hotel, were run down by impudent and vulgar intruders. The gentlemanly indifference of the Japanese and their courtesy to all who addressed them, appeared in striking contrast to the silly questions and childish or boorish curiosity of the intruders. The Oriental strangers were very affable, wrote autographs and gave their tobacco or other trifling objects with great liberality to those who begged from them, and in short, adapted themselves with great goodnature to the barbarians who crowded around. At half past four the principal men of the Embassy sat down to dinner, accompanied by a number of naval officers. Greatly to the disappointment of all who were on the lookout for something funny, the Japanese took wine and used knives and forks like any other well-bred people. All passed off pleasantly enough.

Soon after arriving, the Japanese transferred their treasure, eighty thousand dollars, to Messrs. Willard for safe keeping. Many little anecdotes are current of their attempts at conversation in broken Dutch and English; of their smoking and lending their pipes and giving Japanese coins; from which it appears that they are good-natured, and regard those intruding on them very much as children or untutored persons should be regarded. To those, however, who have a fair right by position and courtesy to ask of them information, such as officials, reporters, artists and editors, they are very polite, and take great pains to impart the knowledge required.

#### The Japanese Receiving the Ladies at Willard's.

While the Japanese and their escort were on their way to Willard's, so dense was the crowd, that more than an hour was required to make the transit. On arriving, and before the wearied travellers retired to their quarters, another hour was passed in the exchange of courtesies, in which the ladies largely participated; the reception-rooms being thronged with the "wives, sisters and daughters of the dignitaries of the country" who had assembled to greet them. It is needless to say that the eager curiosity of the ladies was fully reciprocated by the amiability of the lions, who welcomed the dames with the utmost cordiality. It is said by the correspondent of a city contemporary, that since the Embassy has been in Washington, the dames of society have lavished on the two youngest and best-looking Japanese nobles almost as many endearments and favors as have been bestowed by the hotel chambermaids on the attendants of the nobility in question. It is certain, that like all lions, no matter of what color, the ambassadors have enjoyed as many marks of preference from ladies as heart could desire.

#### Their Interview with the Secretary of State.

Early on the morning of the 16th inst., all Washington was on the qui vive, anticipating the ceremony of the presentation of the Japanese to the Secretary of State, Hon. Lewis Cass. The weather was bright and beautiful, and all were in high spirits, the Japanese especially so, as they appeared to be delighted at the prospect of a speedy acquaintance with the heads of Government and of accomplishing their mission. As the hour approached the Treasury Department was thronged; the long portico was filled with ladies, while the avenue around the State Department was crowded to excess.

Having been much annoyed by crowding and intrusion and fearing a rush, the Japanese changed their programme of going together to the reception, and appeared singly at the Department. Their habitual caution was manifested by their sending the day before two of their officers to examine the rooms appropriated to their reception. The report being favorable, the Princes, with their suite, numbering in all eighteen persons, went under charge of Captain Dupont, to the State Department. For once the police were effective and repressed the crowd. The gentlemen, in fact, retired promptly when appealed to, but when the ladies had entered and completely blocked up the narrow passage-way of the State Department, they paid no attention to orders or etiquette.

The Princes now appeared at the head of the procession, the principal dignitary being led by Captain Dupont and the younger by Commander Lee. Mr. Reed, of Philadelphia, once United States Minister to China, walked arm-in-arm with one of the lesser dignitaries, as did Mr. Preston, Minister to Spain, with another. Mr. Ledyard was also with them. Among those present were assistant Secretary, John Appleton, and Hon. J. S. Black, Attorney-General. The most scrupulous gravity and dignity was observed by the Japanese, and it was remarked that they looked at no one save those who took part in the ceremony. The box containing the treaty was most carefully watched, its guards holding their swords in their hands. They were led up to and were received by the Secretary of State with great dignity and urbanity, which evidently had a gratifying effect upon his guests. The following were his words on this occasion:

YOUR EXCELLENCIES—I am much gratified in receiving you at the Department of State, and in being able to assure you of the satisfaction of the people and Government of the United States at your arrival among us. We desire the firm establishment and continuance of the most friendly relations between our respective countries, and I trust that your visit will bring us better acquainted with one another, and that the treaty, the ratification of which we are about to exchange, will strengthen and extend the intercourse which already so happily exists. We hope you will be able to visit the different portions of the country, in every part of which you will be most kindly received; and it will afford the President pleasure to direct such measures to be taken for that purpose as may be agreeable to you, and also to extend to you the national hospitality while you remain in the country. I am directed by the President to inform you that he will receive you to-morrow, at noon, at the Executive Mansion, for the purpose of presenting your letter of credence from his Majesty the Tycoon.

To this they replied in their usual brief manner, expressing, however, in very sensible though laconic phrases their gratification at their reception. The original documents addressed to Secretary Cass, and which were written in Japanese, Dutch and English, were then produced. They expressed the usual diplomatic formulas of friendship and regard, and stated that instead of a Japanese corvette proceeding to Panama, as had been expected, it would return directly from San Francisco. After their reply had been given the Ambassadors were invited to take chairs, which they did in a half circle. The Hon. J. S. Black, Attorney-General, was then introduced to them as the principal legal officer of the country. Other gentlemen were then introduced, and at a favorable moment General Cass

presented three handsome little boys, of whom any relative might well be proud, to the Ambassadors. They were the sons of Mr. Ledyard, the son-in-law of General Cass. Just as the Japanese were about to depart, Miss Ledyard, the grand-daughter of General Cass, entered the room, followed, to quote the truthful and graphic account of the correspondent of the *Herald*, by the eyes, not only of the Japanese, but of everybody present. She also was introduced to the Japanese, who shook hands with her with uncommon heartiness. And now the ladies crowded in from an adjoining room with great rapidity, making the room quite warm, when General Cass remarked to the Japanese that he did not know how they regulated their ladies, but in this country the ladies regulated the gentlemen, and went just where they pleased. This was an apology for the presence of the ladies, and the Ambassadors replied, in a very grave manner, that they observed that there was a very marked difference in the discipline of the two countries. The General could scarcely control his countenance with this rally from the Japanese, who evidently thought they possessed an advantage over this country in this respect. This was one of the most curious characteristic events which occurred, and made a sensation, though it has had no effect on restraining the fair sex in their attentions to the Orientals. Those who fly are followed.

The Japanese were then informed that if agreeable to them they could be presented to the President on the following day at twelve o'clock, to which arrangement they assented with manifest pleasure. Some inquiries were made by them relative to the etiquette of presentation, all of which was explained by the information that the President held a rank corresponding to that of their executive Emperor the Tycoon, and that they must govern themselves accordingly. They then departed in a quiet manner, and were escorted by their friends back to Willard's, General Cass shaking hands with the Ambassadors as they went out. It is worthy of mention, and may be borne in mind to advantage by those who forget the rights of the public, that General Cass showed the greatest courtesy to all the reporters, giving directions that they should be fully informed of all that had taken place, and particularly requested Mr. Portman to translate for them the remarks of the Japanese. After returning to the hotel the Japanese kept remarkably quiet during the rest of the day. They saw no visitors and retired early, either in consequence of fatigue or because they were desirous of keeping as much as possible remote from intercourse with any persons previous to their interview with the President.

#### Their Interview with the President.

On Thursday, May 17, at half-past eleven A.M., the Japanese Embassy went in carriages from Willard's Hotel to the President's House. They were escorted by fifty policemen in uniform, by marines and ordnance men, and were accompanied by a fine band of music. The Ambassadors were arrayed in state dresses of very singular style; the chief wearing a rich brocade purple silk sack, with flowing sleeves and trousers, while his two colleagues had similarly fashioned garments of green. They wore caps like inverted ladies' capes, fastened on the crown of the head by strings passing under the chin. They carried pikes, halberds and emblems of their rank. The inferior officers wore small hats, consisting of a round band, with triangular crowns, also tied to the head by strings under the chin.

In the East room great numbers of ladies had assembled, and with them the delegation of the New York Council, who had come to invite the Japanese to the Metropolis. Two lines were now formed by the Navy and Army officers, and between them a space of about twenty-five feet in width was left for the ceremonies. There was an anxious period of expectation, when at twelve o'clock the folding doors opened, there was a stir of excitement, and the President entered accompanied by the Cabinet officers. Secretary Cass then left for the ante-room, where the Japanese were waiting. When he returned with them they manifested their sense of the rank of their receivers by several profound bows. A nest of paper boxes was then opened by the Embassy and several letters produced, which were given to the President and by him to General Cass. The leader then addressed the President as follows:

"His Majesty, the Tycoon, has commanded us that we respectfully express to his Majesty, the President of the United States, in his name as follows:

Desiring to establish on a firm and lasting foundation the relations of peace and commerce so happily existing between the two countries;

That lately the Plenipotentiaries of both countries have negotiated and concluded a treaty;

Now he has ordered us to exchange the ratification of the treaty in your principal city of Washington.

Henceforward he hopes that the friendly relation shall be held more and more lasting, and will be very happy to have your friendly feeling.

That you have brought us to the United States, and will send us back to Japan in your man-of-war."

They then left the room, bowing very often while going. But they soon returned, bowing as before, when the President addressed them as follows, through the interpreter Mr. Portman:

"I give you a cordial welcome as representatives of his Imperial Majesty, the Tycoon of Japan, to the American Government. We are all much gratified that the first Embassy which your great Empire has ever accredited to any foreign Power has been sent to the United States. I trust that this will be the harbinger of perpetual peace and friendship between the two countries. The treaty of commerce, whose ratification you are about to exchange with the Secretary of State, cannot fail to be productive of benefits and blessings to the people both of Japan and the United States. I can say for myself and promise for my successors, that it shall be carried into execution in a faithful and friendly spirit, so as to secure to both countries all the advantages they may justly expect from the happy auspices under which it has been negotiated and ratified. I rejoice that you are pleased with the kind treatment which you have received on board of our vessels of war whilst on your passage to this country. You shall be sent back in the same manner to your native land, under the protection of the American flag. Meanwhile, during your residence amongst us, which I hope may be prolonged so as to enable you to visit the different portions of our country, we shall be happy to extend to you all the hospitality and kindness eminently due to the great and friendly Sovereign whom you so worthily represent."

The President then gave them a copy of his address and shook hands with them. Introductions and hand shaking now became general; the bows were then resumed and the foreigners retired, evidently much delighted with their reception.

During the whole ceremony the Japanese either looked steadily on the ground or directly at the President. Their entire demeanor was perfectly grave, respectful and well bred. It should be mentioned that when the Embassy first retired from the East Room it was for the purpose of bringing with them the Imperial or principal Ambassador, who, according to their etiquette, could not be present at the delivery of the letter accrediting them.

The letter in question was unrolled from a very large and splendid scarlet silk envelope. The interview, far from being absurd or amusing, as was anticipated, was of a solemn and serious character. Through the strange differences of dress, language and custom it was evident that the Ambassadors were men of high character, honor, intelligence and refinement, and that the New World could teach them no lessons in propriety of demeanor or in a due sense of official responsibility.

#### The New York Delegation and the Japanese.

As is well known, the citizens of New York, the great commercial centre of the Union, are extremely desirous not merely of seeing the Japanese but of extending to them all the courtesies in their power. For this purpose the Sub-Committee of the Joint Committee, appointed to receive them, remained for several days in Washington. It consisted of Messrs. Shaw, Lent, Hall, Starr, Van Wart and Van Tine.

Notwithstanding the very important position which they filled, as representing the principal city in the Union, and the one which has proposed to do the most in welcome, they endeavored in vain for several hours to obtain an interview with the Committee having charge of the Embassy, and were about to appeal to the Secretary of State when the Secretary of the Committee fortunately realized that they might be regarded as having some right to be heard. They were then introduced to Captains Dupont, Porter and Lee. It was to the reporter of the New York *Times* that the Committee were indebted for an introduction to the Secretary, and we give in full his account of the interview, at which he was present, as it refers particularly to the programme of Japanese movements in our city.

Councilman Shaw having been deputed by his associates, then inquired of Captain Dupont whether he (Captain D.) was the proper person to whom communications to the Japanese should be addressed.

Captain Dupont replied that he had been commissioned by the President to take charge of the Embassy during their stay in this country. They were a ceremonial people, and their ideas were in favor of being under the continued charge of the Government.

Councilman Shaw then tendered to the Japanese Embassy, through Captain Dupont, the hospitalities of the City of New York. He considered that this was the event of the age, and that New York should fittingly exhibit her appreciation of it, in its bearings upon the commercial metropolis of the Western World. On behalf of New York, they desired to receive the Embassy with all due courtesy, and with especial care to conform to the wishes of the guests in every respect. In order to promote these objects, they proposed to visit the Ambassadors, if possible or necessary, and come to some definite conclusion.

Captain Dupont, on behalf of the Government, was happy to welcome the delegation, and to receive, on behalf of the Embassy, the invitation to visit New York. Having just received the Government programme, he could inform them that to-day the Embassy would visit the Secretary of State, to-morrow the President and Diplomatic Corps, and after that they would be at liberty. He would take pleasure in fixing the date for introducing the New York Common Council at the earliest possible moment, and inform them in season. All presentation to them was, however, out of the question until after they had seen the President, for that was their wish. He had only succeeded in procuring a brief interview for a delegation of Congress, on the representation that they were members of the General Government. They were exceedingly averse to communication with any but the Government officials until after their presentation.

Councilman Lent took the liberty of inquiring of Captain Dupont what preparations the city authorities were expected to make with reference to the manner in which the reception should be conducted, and with regard to the continuation of his (Captain D.'s) position while in New York.

Captain Dupont said that was a very interesting question. He felt bound to be with the Embassy, and to see that the fact of their being the guests of the Government would not be lost sight of. There would, of course, be no objection to the providing of accommodations, and the general provision of means for making the visit pleasant. He would, however, suggest to the Committee that perhaps the advisory council of Captains Lee and Porter would be necessary to making the arrangement as pleasing to the guests, as those familiar with them could more readily advise upon such matters. He recognized this as the leading event of the age, and a high compliment to America, in consideration of the counter efforts of England and France, and hoped that all Committees would concur in endeavoring to conduct the reception as agreeably to the Japanese ideas of propriety as possible. He would caution the Committee against subjecting the Embassy to too much physical endurance. They were princes, and unused to great exertion, and were likely to be overcome with assiduous attentions. He suggested that they were more interested in national defenses and machinery than most anything else, and hardly ready to take in our eleemosynary institutions. He would advise that they be not taken through the prisons and hospitals, for fear of giving them wrong impressions. They had with them a corps of engineers and artists, who could in many cases take the place of the Ambassadors in examining public works, &c., and thus save their superiors much time. His experience proved that they were not a feasting people. They had been much misrepresented in this respect, as they were fearful of being led to eat so much as to affect their health. He would also suggest that all communications be made in the briefest possible style, on account of the difficulty of translating from English into Dutch, and from Dutch into Japanese. He had no doubt that they would be delighted and astonished with their visit to New York.

The New Yorkers then retired with the assurance that they would be informed at the earliest possible moment of the time when the Embassy would receive them.

## THE LIFE LIGHT;

OR,

## THE FORTUNES OF A SAILOR:

A Tale of the Australian Waters.

BY MALCOLM J. ERRYM,

Author of "The Wreckers," "The Sepoys," "The Life Raft," "The Will-o-the-Wisp," "The Renegade," "The Incendiaries," "The Snow Drift," &c.

### CHAPTER IX.—THE CAPTIVE—GUNNELS—JACK'S DISAPPEARANCE.

THE residence of Gunnels was fitted-up in the most luxurious manner. Mary Dalton was astonished at the profusion and elegance that met her eye on glancing at the parlors and sitting-rooms and the apartments whither Pollywoggy had been ordered to conduct her. The lord and master of the place soon arrived, prepossessing himself with the polite manner he could assume, and the kindest tone, as he said,

"I am proud and happy to welcome you to your future home, Miss Ernciliff. It shall not be my fault if you are not henceforth as happy as a queen."

She sank down upon a luxurious sofa, but trembling from head to foot, for these objects of ease and enjoyment only the more vividly brought to her thoughts the sad condition of Middleton, starving and shivering out there upon that sinking wreck, amid the wild waves, with the noisy seagulls waiting to disfigure his lifeless remains. She burst into tears, weeping as if her heart would break, while Gunnels impatiently poked up and down the magnificent room.

"There's no use of crying," he finally said. "I can show you something that will give you an idea or two beyond that sailor. Permit me."

He assisted her to arise, and conducted her out of the house by a rear entrance, along a rocky path, into the mouth of a dark and gloomy cave, and then to a strong dungeon which had been made in the back part of that gloomy prison. His steps echoed hollowly against those walls of rock and upon the stone floor, and a terror took possession of Mary Dalton's heart, sending a cold chill over her form, which the light carried by Pollywoggy could not dispel.

"Look around you, Miss Ernciliff," said Gunnels, as he led her to the door of that innermost dungeon. "There's a place I built for your brother. Mary and many a day and week has your dear Reginald paced to and fro within those damp and chilling walls."

The poor girl reeled, catching at the hand of Pollywoggy for support. Her senses seemed to be slowly crushed out of her body in that place.

"And he is not the only one who has brought down my revenge," added the ruffian, "as you may even now see."

He unlocked a door adjoining that of the dungeon already exhibited, and threw it open.

A low moan of anguish came from within.

"Hold the light, Pollywoggy; let the lady see for herself how I punish those persons, male or female, who dare to oppose my will."

Mary Dalton's eyes had already fallen upon the half-clothed form of a young woman lying and shivering upon a rude pallet of straw in one corner of that cell. The hapless sufferer had turned her pallid face towards the light, half arising with a low cry of pain. Mary saw that she was an European, and a girl who, under proper advantages, would have been deemed lovely, besides looking so gentle and intelligent in all that pain and suffering, that her condition would have moved the heart of any being save a fiend.

It was no wonder that the cry of pain uttered by the captive was echoed by Mary Dalton.

"Don't think that I wish to afflict your eyes or thoughts," said Gunnels; "I merely desire you to realize that I am not a man to pause at any act of revenge or any other feeling may prompt me to commit."

"Oh, father in Heaven," gasped Mary Dalton, "can I believe my eyes? Is it possible?"

"Nay, Miss Ernciliff, you need not deem me unnecessarily cruel. It pains me to keep that party here—but what can I do? She is still an obstinate and self-willed as when she first gave me cause to confine her here! I may interest you to know that she is the betrothed of your brother."

"My brother?"

"She is the daughter of a South Sea trader, and the only survivor of his wrecked ship. She made the acquaintance of your brother while he was a guest of mine, and they were foolish enough to become infatuated with each other, although I had told Reginald she was an intended favorite of mine. Matters soon got to such a pass that I was obliged to shut her up here, and I am sorry to say, that I was also compelled to use some restrictive measures with your brother. In fact, I have so well come between that they will never meet again. There! Good night, Miss Faulkner, we will not trouble you any further at present."

He closed the iron door.

"Oh, have pity—have mercy!" pleaded Mary Dalton. "Do not speak to me again—do not show me anything more! Let me leave this place—take me away from here—take me somewhere or I shall die!"

"Willingly—quite willingly, Miss Ernciliff, you may be assured."

Gunnels conducted her back to the house and into that gorgeously furnished chamber, a grim smile of satisfaction resting on his dark face.

"It even pains me to see such sights," he said, "and I leave the jailorship to a British negro, a chap I brought from Botany Bay. Indeed my head aches at this scene, and I feel queerly all over."

Almost unconsciously, a pray to the most oppressive fears, Mary Dalton again



sank down upon those soft cushions, almost questioning the Providence which would permit such villainy as Gummels to go on in their mad career so cruelly and so long. She thought it would be a mercy if she could then die—so lonely, so friendless, and yet her attention now paused a moment on the singular brightness of Pollywoggy's eyes.

"I leave you, Miss Ernelcliffe," said Gummels, "to the comfort you will find here, and trust you will make yourself at home. Pollywoggy will remain within call, and give you any attention you may require. I will look in at twelve o'clock again, to see how you are getting along. At twelve!"

He carefully closed and locked the doors of the several apartments, and secured the windows by the wooden shutters, ere he retreated from her presence. He had little doubts but that time and good management would place him on satisfactory terms with Mary Dalton, but it finally seemed to occur to him that there was something peculiar in the conduct of Pollywoggy.

"She sat with me," he muttered, "just like a young woman who has an old husband, nearly smothering him with care, and in order to ward off the suspicion from a lover. Perhaps the young savage has some plot on foot against me. I'll be on my guard."

He had passed out upon the lawn, and stood looking away at the moonlit waters. A thought seemed to strike him.

"That wreck was too near the island when I left it," he muttered. "I'll go off and meet it, and put Middleton out of the way."

He entered the canoe and rowed seaward, going nearly due North. In less than half an hour he had encountered the wreck of the ship, but nothing was seen of Jack. He had disappeared, and the damp spot on the deck where he had been lying in his wet clothes was getting quite dry.

Gummels could hardly contain his joy.

"Unconscious when we left him," he muttered. "A lurch of the vessel has pitched him overboard, and he's gone."

From far seaward, as he headed the canoe for the shore, there came the confused and noisy cries of the seagulls, as if they were attacking their prey.

"Yes," added that man of iniquity, with another hoarse laugh, "the black devil has got him!"

He rowed in silence to the landing, and started up the path towards the house. Suddenly he paused, reeling backwards like one struck by a blow or overcome with emotion. He seemed to listen to the beating of his own heart, as he stood there rubbing his breast and growing terribly pale and excited. Finally, he uttered a wild shriek of more than mortal terror.

"The fair fiend!" he cried. "Pollywoggy has given me a poison!"

He sat down on a projecting stone beside the path, just as a haggard and pallid figure, all dripping wet, and reeling like an intoxicated man, crawled up out of the water, and lay there, panting and quivering, upon the sands of the beach.

#### CHAPTER X.—THE FORTUNES OF THE MEDUSA.

We return to the Medusa as situated at the instant when the sloop, driven away by the storm to the leeward, left her fire.

Captain Storms was soon so far recovered from his poisoned repast as to be able to fulfil the duties of his position. He ordered up the fire apparatus from below, got all the passengers and crew to work, one after another, as fast as they came to their senses, and ere long acquired control of the flames, aided not a little by the waves, which curled over the side of the vessel. In about an hour the fire was extinguished, the fury of the storm abated, the medicine chest and plenty of provisions were reached, and all persons recovered that attention they required. It was found that nobody had been fatally poisoned save the guilty confederates of Gummels, and that no one was killed or injured; but alas for the missing! Mary Dalton, Jack Middleton and that strange naturalist were gone!

Great was the grief of the Earl of Ernelcliffe and his Countess when they recovered their senses, and learned from Mrs. Middleton, the gentle old lady who had come aboard of the ship from the sloop, and whom they were soon delighted to know as Jack's mother—that their beloved daughter had been carried off by the mysterious naturalist for what reason nobody knew. They could only hope that Jack, being with her, would be her protector and eventual deliverer. The Earl wished to follow the sloop, and—a thorough seaman—Captain Storms had the Medusa before the wind, taking the course he knew the wreck had been driven, getting up jury masts, and doing all he could to insure the safety of the ship and cargo, and the comfort of the passengers and crew.

The morning sun arose in a cloudless sky, but upon a wildly heaving sea. Nothing was seen of the sloop nor of any other vessel. The Earl was afraid it had been distanced in the night, but Captain Storms thought differently, as Mrs. Middleton had noticed the sloop to be in ballast. Most of the treasure which had tempted Gummels was found and secured in its former position. The cage had been thrown overboard during the night by a sailor, who supposed the wild animal had broken loose and been lost in the sea. During the day a sickly looking and somewhat shabbily dressed youth made his way from between the decks, and attracted the attention of the captain. Nobody seemed to know the young man, and it was equally certain that he was not down on the passenger list, nor registered among the crew. In answer to the inquiries of Captain Storms, he commenced telling a story about being in the cage, brought on board by an enemy, but suddenly paused as he saw that he was only getting himself regarded as a spy, or a worse character, who had come aboard of the Medusa from the sloop, as no one of those present had seen him previous to the collision. In fact, the high-spirited youth set so annoyed and distrustful, that he scorned to enter into a full explanation where his opening statements had been so derided, and he soon vanished to some quiet nook of the ship, where he hid himself aloof as much as possible from all on board. Occasionally he was seen standing forward, looking earnestly over the water, and once or twice heard saying with a sigh,

"Oh, Anna! Anna! would to God that I were sharing thy dungeon, or—thy tomb!"

And once he had been seen to weep. And once, too, he had been seen to draw a legal-looking document from his pocket, and peruse it with a bitter smile—the paper Gummels had thrown into the cage, and which the captive had secured ere his exit from that horrible place—yet he said nothing of its purport to any one around him, lest he should be laughed at and regarded with still greater aversion and suspicion.

And yet there was one person aboard of that vessel who would have spoken to that strange youth kindly, had he not so assiduously shunned every presence. That one was the Countess of Ernelcliffe. There seemed to be something in the golden locks and deep blue eyes of this unhappy youth which cried her back to the times of long, long ago. She could not regard him as a stowaway, nor as a spy, nor as a person whom she was the wiser part to avoid. Repeatedly did she try to open a conversation with him, approaching him with kindly beaming eye, but his proud spirit had a shadow of resentment for late scorn and suspicion upon it, and he had turned coldly away.

For four days had the Medusa thus held on her course in a southerly direction, though seeing nothing of the sloop. The Ernelcliffes began to despair of ever seeing more of their beloved daughter, and to give way to the terrible fear that she had been swallowed up in the sloop by the waves. Captain Storms had already spoken to them about giving over the search and putting back to Sydney or Melbourne, and they were sorrowfully discussing upon the forward deck the sad afflictions of their lives. The Earl chanced to utter the name of Ernelcliffe in alluding to the misfortunes of his family, and it caught the quick ear of the sickly-looking youth, who happened to be passing near them at that moment.

"Ernelcliffe, did you say, my lord?" he quickly asked, as he turned his pallid face towards them and came to a pause. "Did your lordship—he had heard Captain Storms address him by that title—"Did your lordship speak of the Earl?"

His lordship distantly bowed.

"Land ho!" sang out a sailor stationed at the top of the main jury mast.

"Dead ahead! and there seems to be some sort of a wreck or a raft between it and our position!"

Everybody started up at this announcement, and all eyes were fixed in the direction indicated, even those of the young unknown, who instantly gave utterance to a loud cry of joyous recognition, and exclaimed,

"It's the island! It's the island! Oh, joy! It is there that Anna is!"

The Countess had approached him and stood by his side.

"But why did you allude to the Earl of Ernelcliffe?" she asked, in the gentlest tone.

"Because I have a desire to see him."

"Indeed! You can do so now, if you please, for this gentleman," and she indicated the Earl, as the youth took his eyes off a boat which had just put off from the distant shore, "is he."

The youth became still paler, and reeling backwards, clutched at the shivered bulwarks for support.

"My God!" he faltered, "is this true?"

"True—true!" replied the Countess, becoming terribly excited. "I pledge you on my soul! But speak! speak! What do you mean? Who are you?"

"I am an Ernelcliffe!" was the proudly uttered reply, as his eyes again rested upon the boat advancing, "and that is all I have time to say at present. On yonder shore there is one dearer to me than life—than happiness—than all the world—one enduring agonies and persecutions worse than death! I go to effect her rescue, or to die at her feet! Take those papers, madame, and rest assured that I am the person to whom they relate—the Reginald Ernelcliffe who goes to triumph singly or to die alone!"

He had sprang upon the bulwarks ere he ceased speaking, and his last words had not ceased to echo on the air ere he leaped boldly into the waters, far, far below—but not the Countess of Ernelcliffe had fainted away in the arms of her husband, and the old Earl himself had felt compelled to lean against the bulwarks for support, as he cried,

"The rash boy! what has he done! After him, somebody, and save him—save him! A thousand pounds to the man who saves him!"

"He's safe!" interrupted the voice of Captain Storms—"safe in the boat!"

There was a heavy fall upon the deck. The Earl had glanced at the blood-stained paper given to his wife, and he too had fainted.

"Heave the lead, Jason!" cried Captain Storms, sharply. "We've business enough here to settle to get out an anchor. That lad's the long missing heir of the Ernelcliffes, or I'm a cannibal!"

CHAPTER XI.—AN INVASION—HORNBOTTOM GETS A LITTLE EXCITED.

It was only for a moment that Gummels was excited by the discovery that he was poisoned. These natural feelings were soon brought under control, and he became calm. He had no doubt but that the young savage had given him one of his own decoctions, and he instantly swallowed one of several emetics he always carried. After a brief but violent spell of vomiting, the pain which had begun to reach his vital centre, and he knew that the danger was past. His first impulse was to hasten and kill Pollywoggy. But as all of his senses

were controlled by reason rather than impulse, he concluded to say nothing about the matter at present, and thus cause the girl to acquire some new ideas respecting the impunity with which he could take his own poison. He, therefore, resumed his walk towards the house as if nothing had happened, lightly humming a gay air.

Three figures stood secreted in the shelter of the cliffs as Gummels thus landed, carefully noting his every movement. They were Puddy-Molasso, chief of the cannibals and father of Pollywoggy, and two of his most reliable followers. They had just come from their own territory, the neighboring island, to rescue the abducted daughter, gather information, and make every preparation necessary to a successful effort for the recovery of the island from the whites. They noiselessly stole away in the direction of the house.

A fourth figure was now seen upon the brow of the cliffs on the northern side of the island—that of Hornbottom. He had collected a large pile of combustible materials at the spot indicated, when he bethought himself of the object he had seen seaward with the glass, at the moment his attention was intruded upon by Gummels. He had then hastened to renew the observation, and discovered that the dark object was a wreck, which he lost no time in visiting. He found no signs of life upon it, nor any articles of value, and therefore returned to the shore.

But once again upon the cliffs, with the night-glass in his hand, Hornbottom had noticed a number of canoes, full of savages, advancing from the direction of the cannibal island. He had also seen a large ship, under two jury-masts, with a black and damaged hull, particularly the stern, lying off the northern side of the island, and so far off that no one could hardly distinguish her with the naked eye. Feeling sure that the savages were coming to a deadly struggle for the possession of the island, he concluded that this unknown ship was safer for an old sailor like himself than the shore, and accordingly went off to her in the canoe.

On nearing the strange-looking vessel—which he did not succeed in doing, owing to contrary currents, till he had seen the savages lying on their oars in a sheltered nook at the mouth of the little bay—Jedediah saw no signs of life aboard of her, and began to think, in connecting her with the wreck of the sloop, of the unearthly hulks haunted by Flying Dutchman and all the other mysterious cruisers he had heard of during his two years in the Betsy Baker. But on approaching nearer he had heard the cry of "Land ho!" and seen that his course was watched by a number of persons who had shown themselves on the deck. He felt seized with a strong desire to retreat, but finally roared on in silence, standing in under the bows of the charred and dismantled vessel. He was still full of his apprehensions, and when the instant he reached the starboard bow, a dark figure dropped heavily into the water, and then climbed up into the canoe, he arose, and commenced abjuring the supposed monster in the most vehement terms to take his speedy departure.

"Hush! silence, you noisy lubber!" said a sharp voice, as an energetic hand thrust him into his seat. "Silence! and row for dear life! Are you afraid of pirates and cannibals and sea monsters and women sailors?"

"Oh, ho! That is—of course not!"

"Silence, I say! Row as if your life and soul were at stake! That's it—only keep it up. Now we are leaving them! So—so—there, we are all right!"

The canoe fairly quivered as it leaped through the water toward the island, the strong arms of Jedediah being impelled by a threefold desire of fleeing—that of avoiding the ship, that of escaping from the wild-looking and sternly spoken youth, and a final wish to see Pollywoggy, whom he began to think he had cowardly deserted. Under these combined incentives, the canoe was soon beyond the hail of the persons who had collected on the deck of the strange ship, and who called upon him to stop, and another arduous spell of rowing brought the little craft to a landing on the eastern shore of the island.

"You see the savages are right opposite!" hastily explained Jedediah, "and the Lord only knows what they're going for to do on this plantation to-night. For my part, I know where there is a safe retreat, but—"

"But the girl!" fiercely interrupted the young stranger. "Would you have me to leave her to die?"

"Who? Pollywoggy? Now, do tell, stranger, do you know that ere girl?"

What? and he scrutinized the young man more closely. "Consume my picture, if it isn't the youngster who was carried off by old Funnels the morning after my arrival! How d'ye do? Glad to see you again. But it's a queer affair all round. First I know old Funnels comes home in shattered condition, and I next find the hull of the sloop floating off the island. Then you turn up in a good-looking sort of a craft, and—"

The young man had cut his harangue short with a movement of impatience.

"The girl," he said. "Have you seen her in my absence? Do you know where she is?"

"Somewhere in the house yonder, I suppose. You can go up and look for yourself. But, hush! for God's sake stop low among these rocks, or you'll betray me to the painted savages. There they come again—them three comin' this way, and they've got old Funnels a prisoner!"

It was true. Hornbottom soon saw Gummels led past them, and then towards the interior of the island, as if on his way to the grove, of which he had spoken as a place of concealment.

"And yet," he reflected, "they don't know where it is, and can't be doing that—so it must be a safe place of retreat for us. Come!"

The youth shook his head, saying, "I go to Anna!"

"Then I'll try it alone," rejoined Jedediah, as he turned and fled, and so rapidly, that he soon lost sight of his wild-eyed companion. He was soon in the place of security so opportunely suggested to his mind, a large grove of stunted pines on that side of the island.

"The old Harry couldn't find me here," he muttered, after he had secreted himself in the centre of a very dense cluster of the trees. "Lucky that I paid such attention to the cracks and crevices of the cavern 't'other day when I was here. But, ha! What's that? Voices, and coming this way. Jerusalem!"

He remained silent, listening a moment, and then he saw the three savages and their captive make their appearance. One of the three natives, after producing a light, was dispatched to lead on the remaining force of the assailants, while the others seated themselves and Gummels on the ground, the chief proposing to have a quiet settlement with him in regard to the abduction of his daughter and various other matters.

We need not reveal each shade and peculiarity of this interview as it lengthened. Suffice it to say that the ready invention of Gummels, seconded by his desperate courage, soon gave him a plan of escape. He struck down Puddy-Molasso and his attendants at his feet with the slack of the chain they had put upon him, and then proceeded to array himself in the chief's garb. This done, he seized the incensed cannibal and carried him away to the dungeon we have seen him exhibit to Mary Dalton, and there he securely confined him.

Left to himself after this tragic interview, Jedediah conceived a brilliant idea.

"There's no safety for our tribe hereabouts," he muttered. "The savages will undoubtedly take possession of the island, or have already done so, and we to them that are not found on their side of the fence. I must be a cannibal myself. It only requires a little paint, a huge war-club, and a general absence of breeches. There's that other chap a-lying there and almost inviting me to jump into his blanket. I'll do it!"

In a few moments he had changed garments with the fallen warrior, all save his cowhide boots, which he retained. He then stole forth, war-club in hand, trembling like a leaf and starting at every sound, as if he were a mortal fear in his nerves, he gave utterance to a war-whoop, which we can compare to no other sound ever heard by mortal ears—a cry so appalling that it horrified even himself.

"And thus," he gasped, brandishing his club, to the imminent peril of his head, "there's a promise of terrible times. What—what's that? Who—o's there? Oh, 'tis only a pig! I wonder where is Tunnels? I guess some o' them savages 'll soon have their fingers in the kinks of his hair!"

It suddenly occurred to Jedediah that he would need a pair of cannibal, he must say nothing. The same thought had previously occurred to Gummels, and was therefore prominent in the minds of each as they chanced to come together a moment later. The salutation of the renowned potentate to his faithful servant was, for this reason, quite brief.

"Ugh!" he said, in the deepest guttural base he could assume.

"Ugh!" promptly responded Jedediah, in still deeper tones.

Each had failed to recognize the other in his borrowed feathers and blanket, and each, he can doubt, became every fear that the other was a mortal fear. Jedediah feared that he would be brained by the other's huge club the instant it should become even suspected by him that his companion was not an original of the Cannibal Islands—while, on his part, Gummels was equally fearful that his disguise would be penetrated, the other savages summoned, and his masquerading brought to a most untimely and bloody conclusion.

For a moment they stood looking at each other.

"You 'll eat 'em!" replied Gummels, both speaking in the assumed tones they had before used.

"Blooded and brained!" added Jedediah.

"You 'll eat 'em!" replied Gummels.

The youth seemed to occur to each of the warriors that the other's style and manner indicated a suspicious character, and a hint of the sort was suppressed just in time far down in the throat of Gummels. Each strove to get a clearer but no nearer view beneath the blanket and feathers of the other, as they stood there in the moonlight, but in vain. The terror of his position had been gradually increasing in the mind of Jedediah until he could no longer remain in such close proximity to a terrible man-eater, and as Gummels took a step forward, Jedediah gave utterance to a repetition of the startling yell we have before indicated, and started in one direction at full speed; while Gummels, with an answering cry, walked swiftly away in another.

#### CHAPTER XII.—THE CANNIBALS TAKE POSSESSION.

MARY DALTON clung frantically to her fiery steed. Through seas of fire, beside pillars of smoke, and across mountains of snow speeds the skeleton mare, with distending nostrils and protruding eyes, and with mane glowing and flashing in the awful whiteness and blackness of that unearthly realm, like the merry dancers of a northern sky when the Ice King is ardent in his loves. But beyond all this mad flight there lay a bottomless pit, with brighter fires and colder snows, and when the affrighted animal leaped madly from that terrible precipice.

Mary Dalton awoke from that strange compound of swoon and slumber, and found herself reclining on a luxurious sofa in the chamber where she had been confined by Gummels. Pollywoggy was by her side, as wide awake as ever, and as tenderly supporting her form as if she had been her own sister or dearest friend.

"Oh, what a frightful dream I have had," murmured the poor girl; "yet how much more frightful is the waking. Will not the man Gummels come here? Is it not near the hour? Is it not getting towards midnight?"

"Yes, but he no come," was the reply, as the eyes of the young savage flashed with the same strange meaning Mary Dalton had before noticed. "Or, if he come, him come to die!"

"What mean you?"

"Folks! He give him an arrow drink! He die soon!"

Mary Dalton shuddered, but could not have failed to regard Pollywoggy as her friend. Unable to sleep, Mary entered into conversation with the young savage, and discovered that she knew many things about her brother. He had been a prisoner on the island at the time of Pollywoggy's capture, and she had seen him go away the following day in the sloop with Grif and the others, sailing for Sydney. She did not know, and would not have readily comprehended how Gummels had drugged the youth and boxed him up, bringing him to the Medusa; but she had already realized that he had been intended for some terrible fate. As to the poor girl with whom Reginald Ernelcliffe had fallen in love, and who was now so cruelly treated by Gummels, it was resolved between Mary Dalton and the dusky beauty to effect her escape or release at the earliest possible moment.

Time wore on, and every moment brought a new interest to each of the captives, for they knew that unusual events were occurring on the island that night. It was easy for Pollywoggy to explain that she expected her father at the head of a large body of his people, to make a descent on the island. Indeed, as she grew more and more familiar with Mary Dalton, and understood the nature of her position, she did not hesitate to reveal the cause of the strange silence which had been apparent to Gummels on his return.

The truth was, Pollywoggy had been among the men with her blandishments, and they slept!

The midnight hour had now come.

And then it was that the step so often heard in the vicinity drew near the house. Then it was that the shutters and fastenings of the room in which they were all yielded to the noiseless labors of a few, who came in secrecy to the task. And then it was that many a ray of moonlight came stealing into that gorgeous chamber through many an aperture, by which those captives could go forth to freedom.

The cannibals, the friends of Pollywoggy, had taken possession of the island as quietly as if it had always been their own, and several of the natives now came into the presence of the young girl, bringing a third—the Miss Faulkner, the betrothed of Reginald Ernelcliffe, whom Gummels had kept a prisoner in his dungeons. At the same instant Puddy-Molasso was brought in nearly insensible, and partially dressed in the garments of Gummels, while the latter made a hasty entrance in the rear of Puddy-Molasso, followed by young Ernelcliffe and a score of natives.

It was a singular meeting—a strange surprise for Gummels. He saw that he was detected, and that his glory and power had departed; but he still had presence of mind enough to play his most available part. Throwing himself at the feet of Pollywoggy, he pretended to go off into the agonies of death, greatly reproaching her for having given him a fatal potion, though he repeatedly forgave her, as he hoped to be forgiven himself.

In the joyous reunion that was even then taking place, the wily villain was overlooked and unnoticed, and took occasion to suddenly retreat, and so effectually that he was never heard of by any parties present again.

The discovery of Jack Middleton's presence, as he came staggering into the room, nearly exhausted with his late sufferings, and that last desperate swim ashore. But many a kindly hand soon ministered to his wants, not the least blessed of which were the hands of Mary Dalton; while her brother, after being lovingly recognized by her as such, performed the same offices of affection for Miss Faulkner, his betrothed.

And then there was a great arrival from the Medusa, brought in by the natives in their canoes, the Earl of Ernelcliffe and his Countess heading the list, followed by Captain Storms and a rejoicing host of friends. And then it came out that the Cannibal Islands were not inhabited by cannibals at all, Puddy-Molasso having been converted, many years before, to the true religion, with most of his people, and especially Pollywoggy. And then all present, natives as well as English, had a joyous hour together, none being happier than the noble Earl and his Countess in the restoration of their children.

For Mary Dalton was from that hour the best light unto Jack Middleton this side of Heaven. A light which has not gone out through the many happy years of their married life, for the high-born parents could not be blind to the services rendered by Middleton to their daughter, nor to the earnest love and devotion of both. The interest and wealth of the Earl were used to forward Middleton's career in the navy, and when he reached the rank of Post Captain, which he did in five years after that eventful voyage, the nuptials of Middleton and Mary Ernelcliffe were solemnized. And in after years their children listened with wonder to the strange wild stories in which their parents were such prominent actors, and little Reginald vows that he too will go to sea and try the adventures of a sailor's life.

THE END.

#### OUR BILLIARD COLUMN.

Edited by Michael Phelan.

Diagrams of Remarkable Shots, Reports of Billiard Matches, or Items of interest concerning the game, addressed to the Editor of this column, will be thankfully received and published.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All questions sent to Mr. Phelan in reference to the rules of the game of billiards will in future be answered in this column. It would be too much labor to send written answers to so many correspondents.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. VAN R.—Such an one as you describe, packed and ready for shipping, with all usual accessories, will cost you \$450.

Q.—Atlanta, Ga.—In leading off, the ball should repossess the deep red, what is the position? It is optional with the adversary to make the leader lead again, to take the lead himself, or to have the leader's ball spotted on the pool spot.

Tom, Hoboken, N. J.—You are not entitled to discount any odds you may have given.

R. O. B., Baltimore, Md.—A player has no right to help his play by chalking marks on the cushions or table.

Johnson, Little Rock, Ark.—Strictly speaking, a touch is a shot.

J. M. R., Tomlinville.—Shot received.

Neophyte, William, Simkins, X. Y. E., J. Vandusen.—Respectfully Declined.

J. McC., Newark.—The ball must remain off the table until the spot becomes vacant, and all the balls cease rolling.

Plymouth Rock, Boston.—You cannot cheat.

Bessa, Pittsburgh, Pa.—You must excuse us if we do not answer your questions through our columns. They form the very alphabet of billiards, and would be a sacrifice of space which the interests of our readers would not permit us to pay. We take the liberty, however, of forwarding to the address you have given us, a copy of "Phelan's Game of Billiards," of which we beg your acceptance. You will find all the information you require therein.

#### THE WORLD OF BILLIARDS.

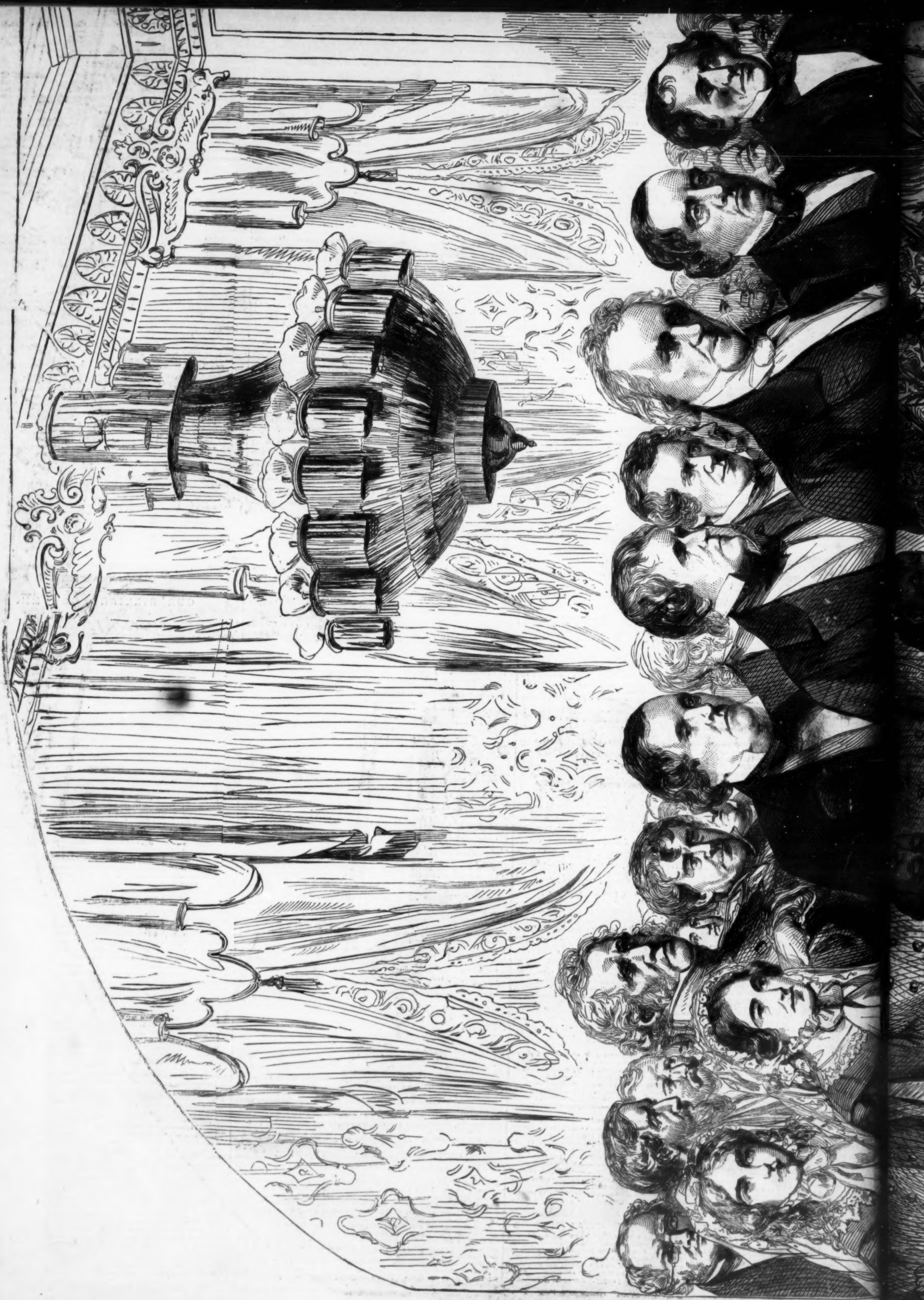
SECRETER AND LYNCH.—No match yet. Mr. Seccretter has failed to give the requisite guarantee of his bona fide desire to have a match made. The editor of *Wilder's Spirit* says he has heard nothing from the Detroit billiard-player, since he called upon him to give an earnest that he meant to play Mr. Lynch, by covering the \$500 deposited with the editor by the latter gentleman. "We are again authorized to assure Mr. Seccretter," continues the *Spirit*, "that if he will put the money down, and does not insist upon unreasonable conditions, the match will be made. We therefore give Mr. Seccretter notice, that if he does not forward the money within a short period, the \$500 of Mr. Lynch will be returned to him, with the assurance that the match his contemplated cannot be had." Why does not the editor of the *Spirit* request Mr. Seccretter to evince the sincerity of his own challenging by backing it up with \$500.

A BILLIARD RECEPTION.—SOMETHING NEW IN NEW YORK.—A unique and most remarkable entertainment took place on Monday evening, the 14th inst. A number of highly respectable gentlemen, amateurs of the noble game of billiards, desired to afford their lady friends an opportunity of witnessing the play of our leading professors of the cue. The opening of the new season of Mr. James Lynch, Nos. 60 and 62 East Fourteenth street, opposite the Washington Monument—the location of which was well adapted for the purpose—afforded an excellent opportunity of gratifying those desirous of such an entertainment. In compliance with the request of those gentlemen, Mr. Lynch consented to give a private reception for the gratification of the ladies previous to the public opening of his rooms. Invitations were issued, and so great was the demand for them that, when the printed cards were all out, and no time left for striking off any more, written cards of admission had to be prepared for applicants whose patronage of the game rendered a refusal impossible. It was expressly stipulated, however, that the invitations were not transferable, and that no gentleman would be admitted without ladies. Mr. Brown, the well-known and polished serton of Grace Church, acted as inspector of admissions on the occasion, and enforced strict compliance with the rule. He was a most useful auxiliary, and merits the thanks of all concerned for his care and attention.

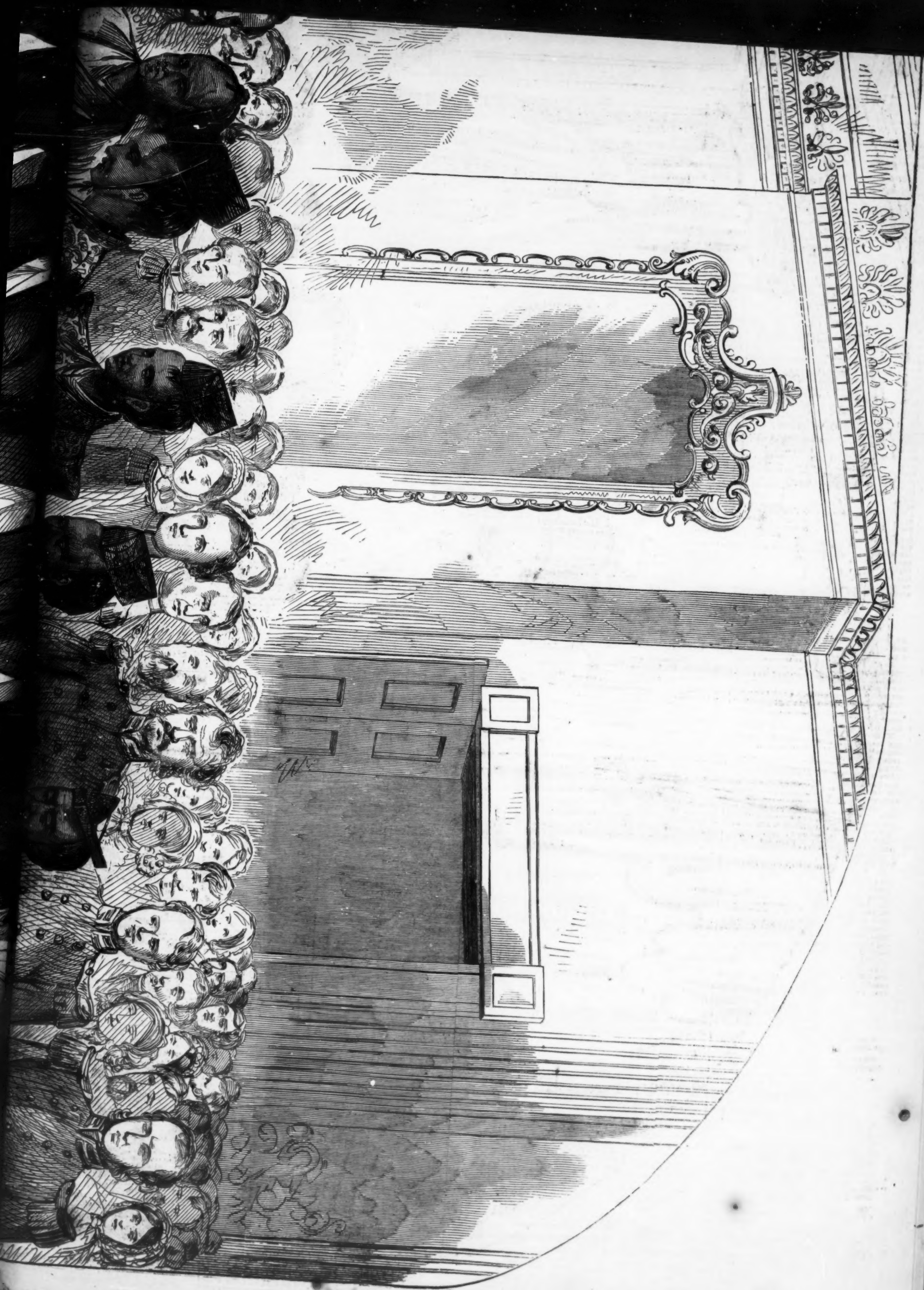
The rooms are very splendid ones, and surpassed by none in this city. The ceiling is lofty, the rooms well ventilated, and looking out on Union square, the park, monument, &c. About eight o'clock the company began to arrive, and continued to pour in until about half past nine o'clock. Some of our most known merchant princes with the ladies of their families were present. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the lady portion of the assembly was in the majority, and contributed to form a scene rarely viewed in a public billiard-room. The summer commencing by a game of 300 points, played by Messrs. Lake and Isidor; it was very close, remarkably well contested, and won by Isidor. The second game was played by Messrs. Lynch and White, 300 points, and was won by Lynch. The third game was one of 400 points, played by Messrs. Phelan and Kavanagh, and won by the former. In the course of this game, Mr. Phelan made a run of 118 points, which seemed to delight the fair portion of the audience immensely. A French game of 60 points up was played by Messrs. Isidor and Kavanagh, and won by the latter. The affair wound up with a game of 150 points between Messrs. Phelan and Kavanagh, which was won by the latter.

Mr. Lynch left nothing undone to insure the comfort and pleasure of his guests and their fair friends. We cannot pass over without remark his thoughtfulness in providing refreshments for the ladies. The whole affair passed off admirably, and was a most decided success. The ladies expressed themselves highly pleased with the novel entertainment offered them, and many of them, on retiring, expressed a hope that so excellent a mode being now inaugurated, it would not be permitted to lapse into disuse for the future.











## AN EARTHQUAKE AND METEORIC SHOWER IN EASTERN OHIO.

On Tuesday, the 1st of May, one of the most singular disturbances of Nature occurred in Eastern Ohio that has ever been known in those parts. It extended through the counties of Geauga, Belmont and Harrison, and partook of the earthquake and tornado. The earthquake lasted thirty seconds, and struck terror into the stoutest hearts. At Cambridge and Barnesville the citizens assembled in the streets, while the more pious fled to the churches and chapels to pray for a safe deliverance. The most singular feature of the event, long to be remembered by those who saw and felt it, was the falling of what is supposed to be meteoric stones in various portions of that locality. Four large stones, weighing from forty to sixty pounds each, fell on or near the track of the Central Ohio Railroad, near Concord, burying themselves in the ground about two feet; while at Clayville, south-east of Cambridge, and other portions of the country, stones of the same quality, but in greater quantities, fell to the earth. The Cambridge *Jeffersonian* makes the following mention of the matter: "No little excitement had arisen from the report that the rumbling sound which alarmed the delicate nerves of so many of our fair sex on Tuesday last was caused by the falling of a shower of stones, coming in an oblique direction toward the south-east."

Near McConnellsville several boys observed a large stone descend to the earth, which they averred looked like a red ball, leaving a line of smoke in its wake. A gentleman walking in his field, near New Concord, heard a terrific crash, like thunder, which lasted half a minute, and then plainly saw a large body descending through the air in an oblique direction, with a velocity apparently much greater than it could have attained by its own momentum. Going to the spot where it touched the ground, he found a rock, weighing over fifty pounds, imbedded in the earth a depth of two feet. The stones were found over fifty miles apart, and are all alike, being fragmentary, as if just broken, of bright gray color inside, with a dark metallic surface, very compact and heavy. The noise of the explosion was heard over four or five counties, in some places being taken for thunder, in others shaking the ground like an earthquake, and at New Concord causing such a violent concussion that the houses were heavily jarred and many of the doors burst open, considerably frightening the people. The course of the meteoric fragments was from north-west to south-east. So unusual a meteoric shower will attract much attention and investigation among men of science.

## AN EXCITING AERIAL VOYAGE.

Mr. WELLS, of New Orleans, made the first ascension ever witnessed in Jacksonville, Alabama, and a very exciting adventure it proved.

The temporary furnace for inflating his balloon was erected on the public square, north of the Court House. A large number of persons of the town and vicinity collected at various places around the square to witness the feat. The inflation commenced about two o'clock, and was continued about two hours, the furnace being supplied during the time with wood and pine, and alcohol burned several times to hasten the process.

When fully inflated, Mr. Wells got into his hoop and basket, which was suspended by small cords, some eight or ten feet below the balloon, and gave orders to those holding it down to "let go." In lifting the bottom over the chimney of the furnace, however, the lower edge of the cloth of which it was made took fire. Some of those holding it told the aeronaut, and tried to put it out, but he not understanding their again gave orders to "let go," which they did. He rose rapidly and majestically, waving his hand over his head, while the anxious spectators below rent the air with their loud and repeated huzzas. It reached an altitude where Mr. Wells did not look much larger than a man's hand, and was wafted by a gentle breeze in a north-east direction, and landed in a large oak tree about a mile from the Court House.

Mr. W. discovered the fire when the balloon had got several hundred feet high, and used all the means in his power to effect a speedy landing, fearing the fire might burn the cords and let him fall. Soon after landing, the fire, which perhaps had been kept from running up the balloon by its rapid motion, blazed up and soon burnt most of it to ashes. When he struck the tree he caught some limbs, while his balloon fell over on the other side and below, out of his reach, and also out of the reach of those who were soon on the ground, and assisted him, not without considerable difficulty, to get down out of the tree. The blazing balloon was distinctly seen from town, and caused some painful apprehension for his safety, which, however, was soon relieved by his safe return.

## BREVITIES.

A CAT, having lost her kitten, followed a mutton pie man.

WHAT were the first words Adam said to Eve?—Nobody knows.

WHY is a pig's tail like a new-born baby?—Because you never saw it before.

WHY is a lawyer like a restless man in bed?—Because he lies first on one side, and then turns over and lies on the other.

IF you want to cure a scolding wife, never fail to laugh at her with all your might until she ceases; then kiss her. Sure cure!

THERE are two languages that are universal—the one of love and the other of money. The girls understand one, and the men the other, all the world over.

ALCOHOLIC TEST.—A red nose.

BOOKS KEPT BY DOUBLES ENTRY.—"Mr. Trim," said a wag, "how do you keep your books?" "Oh, by double entry," "Double entry? How's that?" "Oh, easy enough; I make one entry and father makes the other."

MASSO LUXURIO.—"You don't live as well now as when you worked for me, do you? You then had roast beef, mutton pie and loaf cake every day," Henry rolled up the white of his eyes, and replied, "Yes, Massa Coons, we did have roast beef, mutton pie and loaf cake every day; but dat is, Massa Coons, if you call codfish all dem!"

A SENSIBLE GIRL.—A youth, smitten with the charms of a beautiful maid, hinted his passion by shy looks, and now and then touching the fair one's feet with his toe, under the table. The girl bore his advances a little while in silence, when she cried out, "See here, if you love me tell me so; but don't dirty my etc." and hurt my shine!"

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The Gipsy Camp.  
W. E. Burton—Portrait; Toodles Drunk; Toodles Sober; Captain Cuttle.  
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A New Dutch Ballad, by Master Karl - 6  
The Grand Exhibition in Burlesque of the National Academy of Design - 19

Besides the following subjects, which were lightly touched on, such as The Dead Uncle, Not to be Succeeded At, Running after the Crinoline, Personal Insecurity, Hydrophobia Prevented, The Thankful Boy, Gray's Barber, The Vermont Visitor, Four Times to Supper, Music and Love, What's the Good of Drinking, An Essay in a Glance, Dagberry's Cartoon, Selling Feet Obits, &c., forming the complete Monthly Gallery of Comic Cuts ever issued, and making above One Hundred Pictorial Lessons, together with Sixteen Pages of the most Humorous Reading, just sufficient to supply the lovers of fun with amusement for a month. Price Six Cents.

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